

HENRY DARGER -

"THE VIVIAN
GIRLS
IN CHICAGO"

Microsystems, Inc.

VOLUME THREE

Microsystems, Inc.

I think I was a savage.
I did it because I love you
so much."

"We all love you" added the
rest.

"yet by the way Jemmine" con'd.
turned Period "I'm afraid I
shocked you by the way I even
and handled that little dirt
scoundrel."

Jemmine was silent she
not how to answer
"Well let me tell you this
I know him through his
parents. I know all about
him. And he's one of the
wilest little scoundrels
that even walked the
streets of this city. You
are shocked and you feel
in some way you were
ungrateful to me until
~~seeing~~ ~~bed~~ But I just

want to tell you something
There's not a single little
girl of your age in Chicago
who would not have been
shocked. And more there's
not one good woman in
thousand who would not
have been shocked.

But as to men or boys
and it is only men or
boys who know boys like
Stanislaw - there's not
one in a million who would
not say that I had done
exactly the right thing.

"This world" he continued
looks mighty good to
me but just the same
here are in it a few
limy creatures so vile
that it's hard to really

understand how God allows
them to exist."

"Nice fellow" said James
Andrews sarcastically. "I would
not call him a nat Pennrod.
That's an insult to that
animal and—"

Suddenly a sharp cry
from his sister caused
Pennrod to whirl round,
and as he turned the cry
was followed by a yell of
pain. A horrible sight greet-
ed Pennrod's eyes.

Stanislaw, hanging un-
seen picked up a long
heavy stick standing up
against a wall had been
about to bring it down in
one murderous blow upon
his head.

Violet had jumped
under the would-be
murderer's arm and
had gripped him most
savagely with her

strong little arms bringing from the bad boy the scream of agony. Pennod took one quick step forward but he was too late. Unable to shake Violet from him the enraged little devil brought down with all his might the stick upon the little girl's head.

A low moan came from Violet as she collapsed.

Again Stanislaw raised the stick but before he could renew the attack Angelina always the quickest in action her eyes blazing with blinding rage rushed him like an enraged tigress and pulled the stick from him so hard that it shot through an open window like an arrow and went clean across the street into the window of another house.

At the same time she pulled the stick from him with her left, she struck with clenched right first a blow under the chin that sent him reeling. Following this up with a left swing to the nose she caught the boy, whirled him around and with a strength made more than normal by her blinding rage kicked him from the room through the doorway and with a final kick that sent the boy sprawling, returned to Violet to whom Pennod and her sisters were trying to render first aid. Violet was lying flat, her eyes closed the blood trickling from one side of the head Burns had called for a doctor.

who came in a hurry
 "Violet, Violet, dear Violet"
 cried Pennrod throwing his
 arm tenderly about her as
 she lay on the davenport
 to which he had brought her.
 At the sound of her brother's
 voice she opened her eyes,

eyes of love.
 How wistfully she gazed
 at Pennrod. It was the wist-
 fulness of love the love
 which is too big for ex-
 pression.

The doctor after bandag-
 ing her head said to
 Pennrod:-

"Keep her still as much
 as possible. I believe she
 will be all right to mor-
 row. That's an awful
 knock that little brat
 gave her but there's
 no skull fracture.
 thank God but she
 must be kept as quiet

as possible." "Oh Violet, Violet, that
 he would do that to you
 while saving me" contin-
 ued Pennrod.

Violet moaned weakly
 and with an effort raised
 herself to a sitting posi-
 tion. Pennrod took her by
 the arm with one hand,
 putting the other in an
 affectionate embrace about
 the savior of his life and
 gazing with all tender-
 ness into his sister's
 pathetically wistful mi-
 eyes. She read that glance
 the wistfulness vanished
 calm and quiet took its
 place and she smiled. He
 then helped her to her
 bed. His sisters were so
 upset that they couldn't
 find voice to speak. Gunn
 stayed with Stanislaw
 so he could not slip away.

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What was to be done depended upon the Vincans and their decision after a few minutes the doctor making sure that Violet was all right, left, then Pennod nudged Angeline.

She understood and arose following Pennod into the room where Stanislaw. Pennod grimmed.

"You were going to try to kill me after all eh?" he demanded sarcastically "And you would strike one of my sisters down instead?"

Stanislaw did not answer. He couldn't find word to say anything.

"So you meant to keep your threat?" Pennod went on in the same sarcastic tone.

"And when she rightly interfered you beat my sister Violet to the floor

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When we first knew you, your family not being able to pay back in arrears were thrown out into the street. We paid the rent, got your father a good job, saved your sisters life, invited you all to a Hanukkah giving and Christmas dinner and gave you all expensive presents.

"We even bought the house from its owner, out of our own money and signed it over to your parents as their property.

Yet you the black sheep of your family were hostile to us and called me that name in the park when I mistook you for the writer of that note. Then you get help for the derelict

I esemans house against us then you try to kill me, and brutally strike down my sister. Thats your way of gratitude to us, your repay. Well I'll tell you what. I and my sisters can play the same game. "We're going to cast votes on a matter pretty serious and yet give you no chance what ever. I'm going to vote against them and they are going to vote against me. If even any one of my sisters loses you're going with us to the crazy house if I lose you're going to do the same thing. If any one of my sisters wins, or I win, it'll be the same. If its a draw you'll go. If one of us draws a black paper, you'll

miss going there then but you'll go to the re-form school you'll have no fair play as you gave us no fair play now how do you like that?" "No oh no, oh please don't do that" Slamuslaw pleaded rising.

Fernrod only shoved him roughly back into the doorway then they went to rejoin their good little sisters.

"Better consult the angel of the medee first though" warned Angeline "If something happens to the boy we might be responsible and get into trouble with his parents."

"His parents haven't anything to say in this matter" said Burn. He's a little criminal"

"He ought to be sent to an abreiarrian prison" declared Pennrod bitterly. But I'll consult it" he added, "I'll do what the angel advises."

Pennrod made the consultation. Then he turned to his sisters.

"The angel says it would serve him right, but don't bother voting on it. Take him right away. He deserves it, as his sin is very great."

"Why not wait until it is night?" suggested Andrews. "We'll keep him there all night" said Pennrod.

So they despite his plead and struggles hustled him into a taxi and rode as far as the block east of Western ave.

Then they walked him the rest of the way. When they had reached the gate he promised he would

be good in the future, would be their friend and so on, but they seeing through his lies, hustled him on right through and sped on down the walk. However they were all so excited that they forgot Mr Elm tree and hurrying on came within easy reach of the branches before they even thought of the tree.

The branches swung down grasped each at the same time, Pennrod no exception and they were simultaneously flung swiftly in eight different directions to a great distance.

They fortunately were not hurt though surprised and bewildered.

Strange as it may seem not a branch touched

Stansilaw, if another observer

what was going to happen beforehand and jumped out of the way with hasty speed. He ran for the gate, but the little Vilians having reunited closed in on him, just as he reached it, and he was again captured.

This time the little Vilians were more prudent and they watched out for the crazy tree which certainly did its unusual crazy act at their approach. As they tried to run past it, it stretched its longest branches out after them to their bewilderment and panic, surging this time with the purpose to strike fatal blows.

By crouching low enough they did manage to get out of reach of the dangerous tree, which stretched its branches after them a

branch struck Stanislaw on the shoulder but doing no injury though it threw him flat on his back. The lower branches lashed the grounds fiercely hurling snow and all sorts of debris upon them.

They were repulsed however and saw it almost impossible to pass that spot as the branches stretching themselves out miraculously reached clear across the broad walk.

The maze of surging branches across the walk barred the way to the main entrance. It was the first time the tree ever did this.

They therefore retraced their steps deciding to get in by a side entrance, which they

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succeeded in doing. Stanislaw appeared to be too scared, to cry out or wail. In five minutes time, they were on the second floor. Stanislaw sure now was scared, but nevertheless all was still in the room into which they had brought him, in fact too still and quiet to satisfy any one, and almost too much for him.

Chapter 5-3.

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Vivian trapped alone without their brother.
What now? And so what?

"Now see what you have got yourself into" cried Violet. "We were good to you, tried to win your friendship, and you treated us like rats. This is going to be your punishment. We're going to show you that it is playing with lightning and fire to tangle with us in your wickedness. We could do worse if we desired, leave you here alone, and lock you in, but we ain't mean and—
"There was a terrible crash of shattering window glass.

In the room they were in had a window facing the demon tree and the tree was still cutting up wildly.

while a long branch struck a fearful blow against the window knocking all the glass out and smashing out the double frame work that held the glass in place.

Another branch reached in grabbed Pernod who was nearest the window and pulling him out swung away with him.

His sisters screamed in horror and George was too bewildered and scared to take advantage of their panic and confusion to try to make his escape.

Despite the peril from other branches they ran to the window and saw him flung down to a lower branch which hurled him into a snowbank of curly yards away with such speed that all the snow went

flying into the air like a shooting cloud hurled by an explosion. They were treated from the window just as other branches struck and swirled away one reaching in after them.

Though he was not hurt in the least nor even dazed, he had been pulled away from his sisters and now they were alone in the dreadful building with George Stanislaw.

Pernod regaining his feet fought his way desperately beneath the swaying branches of the tree, but reaching the main entrance the door slammed shut in his face and locked of itself. He then tried to get up to the window though impeded

of the fire escape, but it too acted crazily and wouldn't let him go up. Burns who had not gone up or in the building, meanwhile rushed to phone the fire department and call Father Bryan and other priests. Pennod picked up a good sized stone tied a note to it and flung it into the broken window. The note they secured told told his sisters to keep calm for he will keep them the best he can. "Try to the attic the note continued. "make the sign of the cross for every step of the way with the Holy water you've got. I'll get help." For a time however they were afraid to even leave the room. They kept away from the window

for it appeared that the branches were still stirring to reach in after them and making a strange loud buzzing sound.

To reach the attic they had two flights of steps to climb and one hall way to traverse. They also had two hours to go before night fall nor getting out their Holy Water they facing Stanislav along with them left the room, and proceeded down the hall toward the grand stair case.

They obeyed Pennod's injunction, but as they continued on they became aware of a strange sickening sensation and the hall floor began to tilt slightly & length-

wise as if the hall was going to do an upside down act or phenomenon in that direction.

"Look out" cried Violet "Don't move anybody If it goes upside down here, we're sure goners. I'll recite that miraculous prayer at once!"

And she did it. The floor righted itself with a sort of gasping snarling noise followed by a tumult of universal clicks from the walls.

They tried to reach the steps but the floor seemed to suddenly grow dangerously slippery and violet fell headlong. The others too lost their balance and lay face down.

On the floor Stanislaw hoping to escape by means of this new

phenomena was first up also first down again, for no sooner did they rise and try to walk towards the stairs they were again flung violently on their noses.

"Let's go back to the room" said Grace after her sixth tumble "I can't stand this."

"I can't stand at all" complained Geremie, rolling over and looking appealingly at her sister.

"Neither can any of us" confessed Angelina trying to wriggle back wards without getting up. But this proved impossible and refusing they could not roll over.

back wards or forwards but just up onto the

ed blankly at one another. Then they became aware of a great clamor and confusion in the house. It was as if a thousand persons were singing a different song at the top of their voices, and you can imagine the awful discord. The little girls groaned and would have put their fingers in their ears, but it did no good.

"Well if this keeps on—" "H-h-h-h. Sets crawl for the steps" whispered Violet. "We may get up that way." "But in that fashion we can't make the sign of the cross." protested Catherine.

"And maybe the spectres won't let us crawl up either" added Daisy. "Maybe we can try out any way" declared

Jennie "and while we are in this predicament, George can shift for himself if he wants to he can escape too, for we can't be burdened with him now. The spectres won't bother him I'm sure. They leave bad boys alone so I've heard, and torment the good."

"Oh no please please don't leave me alone" wailed George beginning to cry. "Please don't leave me alone I'll be good."

"You sure are a cringing coward" hissed Jennie. "But to be left alone— Get in front of us then and mind you behave yourself and play no tricks. But if something happens to us we can't help you any."

They crawled on hands

and knees for the stairs. But it appeared that some unseen power held them back for, they tried in vain to get up the steps.

It seemed they were trapped.

In the meantime when the fire department got called they thought it was another fire (depot) premonition throat envying the neighborhood and came as if there had been a 4.11 alarm.

When the first of them arrived they were surprised to find there was no fire.

But Burns explained matters. Following the fire department, came all the priests from sixteen parishes including Fathers Bryan and a swarm of detectives.

The firemen not knowing what to do at

first hesitated about entering the grounds. However the hook and ladder truck was admitted onto the grounds but Burns and Pennrod warned about the devilish Elm.

Firemen got axes from the hook and ladder and pumping truck and in a swarm proceeded for the tree in a rush.

They intended to dismember the branches.

"Please oh please don't go near that tree," Pennrod and Burns yelled together "It'll grab you with its branches before you can strike with your axes."

The firemen either didn't hear or didn't pay any attention for they made a most desperate attack upon

the tree. A good number of them were fiercely whipsped and wounded and hurled away headlong by the branches, some caught and flung, one being tossed against Burns, both sprawling on the ground, to get the fire truck past that crazy tree without damage to it, was impossible.

Some of them decided to go around about way and place a long ladder up against the wall up to the window so person could get back in and rejoin his sisters.

They went forward with the ladder and placed it against the wall. A swaying branch sent the ladder crashing to the ground. The firemen

escaped the soaring branches in time or they would have been killed, at the same time the ladder had been placed, firemen crashed the main entrance with fire axes.

When they swarmed into the hall way and reached the stair way leading to the second floor they saw to their dismay the staircase was upside down.

"We're balked said the fire captain "The steps are upside down. How can the devils do it?"

"They can do almost any thing" said one of the firemen "They've got us stumped all right. Those Virgin weeds are a trap."

"How are we going to get

them out of the house? Their brother says the phenomenon won't let him in the rear." declared another.

"Can't say, it seems impossible."

They fearing the hall would also turn upside down too, fled out as they came out one of the firemen outside was lighting the fuse to a dynamite bomb with the intention to shove it towards the foot of the tree trunk. Two branches swung down. One grabbed the firemen the other grabbed the bomb and they were flung some distance both landing in the same place, the man fortunately unhurt.

And still more fortunately he had the quick presence of mind to put out the fuse before the flame

reached the explosion. It was just at that moment that Patricia and her younger sister Nell came running in having heard of their brother being trapped with the little Virgins in the building. The excited men didn't see the two little girls in time to stop them, and they not knowing their danger ran under the very demon tree.

Patricia was struck by a big branch that sent her flying in a perfect curve.

She landed unconscious onto the very seat of the hook and ladder truck. Simultaneously the younger one was lashed back and forth by other branches the very breath being beaten out of her so she couldn't cry out. Then another smaller

branch had her around the neck raising her upwards towards the second and sound window of the room the little Virians had left, and towards which they had returned with Stanislaw. The lower part of the window happened to be open and the branch thrust the strangling child into the aperture her bulging eyes and protruding tongue horrify and Violet, and her sister George was too scared to act.

Gennie, Violet and Joyce slammed down the window upon the branch cracking it

Though other branches shattered the glass, and tried to reach for them the other little girls broke the strangling branch, pulling the child free and retreated from the window, and just in time

for a big branch shattered the aperture sending a blinding cloud of motor dust into the room stifling them so that they had to run out into the hall. The big branch tried to get them as they retreated.

The tree outside was acting something terrible especially because it was threatened. The child on the fire truck seat was badly injured not from catapulting in the air onto it but from the blow of the branch.

She was unknown to Pennrod meeting this misfortune and was taken to a hospital.

"This is awful" cried Pennrod almost beside himself. "My sisters are prisoners in there and I can't

get in. Something will happen to my poor sister up there alone we must do something.

"Yes and I told you people not to go near this crazy house until Good Friday" said Father Bryan mournfully "If any people are the geese, you little vi- lians take the first grand prize."

"But things would have been all right if I hadn't been near the window" protested Pennrod "The branch grabbed me and drew me out. The way it flung me I tore through a snow-bank like a cannon ball."

"But you shouldn't have done it even if you had to punish that boy" put in another (yeast) priest "Now

your sisters are in a fine mess. And the phenomenon frustrates every effort the firemen make to keep you and them. I'll wager

the evil spirits won't hurt that bad boy at all."

A curious crowd was gathering which was very annoy- ing. The police held them back on the other side of the street. Every firemen within the grounds were distressed and scared. The firemen didn't know what to do. The situation was desperate. The firemen now looked at the fire-escape closely.

"I tried to get up that way but the instrument would not let me" said Pennrod.

"What did it do?" demanded one of the firemen.

"It threw me off every time I tried to get on. But it ain't out of reach of the branches of the Elm tree either. One almost got me there."

"Why didn't you bite

Villains go into the crazy room?" demanded the fire department captain. "On so close to the window?"

"We forgot all about the tree." "How did the banshees work all this?" he next demanded of Father Bryan.

"At a distance" declared the priest. "They have tremendous preternatural power and are the most powerful magicians known. I don't know yet how to combat this trouble. We're stumped. The spirits may not be here at all and yet at a distance frustrate all our efforts night for the villain kids is the most dangerous time. Member of the night fire department crews will have to stay here all night."

"Couldn't you priests go

ahead and excuse to help them?"

"You forgot I said the banshees can work their spells at a distance. Excuse will do no good in this case."

A fireman at this moment came out by the main entrance.

"The stairs are okay now Captain," he said. "Shall we get a party of men and go up to the other floor?"

The captain hesitated. He feared the demons were up to some unknown trick to trap some of his men.

"If those steps even went upside down while you were mounting them you'd all be killed" he said. "There's

something wrong there and I'm afraid to

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take a chance. The only hope is those broken windows. and it seems that infernal tree is the only barrier. Wonder if we have any nitroglycerine in our truck? If we have -

He sent men to look but all they had was dynamite that goes off only by fuse cap. To throw these sticks won't make them explode.

Fortunately for all the weather had not been sunny enough for the demons to form the dreaded fire balls.

Firemen made three desperate attempts to climb the fire escapes but the branches of the tree repulsed them twice, and the fire escape threw them violently to the ground the third time. Night was now approaching

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and still they were no further than where they started. Nitroglycerine was sent for, with the purpose to blow up the tree if it was possible. The nitroglycerine came within half an hour. With a big globe in his right hand a fireman approached within throwing distance of the tree.

He flung it swiftly. Some unseen power stopped it in midair. Expecting what might happen, every one scattered in a hurry. A jiffy, and none too soon, it was hurled back exploding under the hook and ladder truck doing considerable damage.

Another attempt frustrated.

"A branch of the tree grabbed it," cried a fireman,

"I saw it."

In the meantime with little Nell and Stanslaw the little Virrians had finally managed to work themselves to the library where still stood the Paloo.

"With twoo-ooo-oo-hoo-ooo-
wooo-o-o-o-o-o": came a sudden terrible cry almost like the piercing wail of an owl but a hundred times louder, ending in the same dreadful unearthly woe ful wail so often heard. The cry came from the library. It was the first time the little Virrians had been so close to so terrible a sound.

It almost deafened them. George screamed, but Nell also only wailed.

They were about to retreat hastily when what happened was

beyond description, the house rocked to its foundation, the library tables turned over on their sides, with an awful bang, smaller furniture leaped here and there like frogs, and following the awful commotion there welled up from the floor a hideous red cloud in hollering formation lighted by a fierce glare below.

There gradually appeared in the center background behind the cloud three terrible apparitions.

The central one wore a huge crown and had a small string of skulls around his neck. He had long horns like those of a steer and a striped cloth had hanging down each side of his head. The one to his right was

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Aphollyon, and to his left Beelzebul with a strange crimsoned crown decorated with stars around the lower part.

Satan stood grimacing with hands clasped against his breast. Beelzebul had his hands extended palms down.

Aphollyon pointed menacingly towards the nine children, there came a flash of lightning behind the phenomena, followed by a deafening crash of thunder, and then the apparition gradually dissolved into nothingness.

The little humans were not scared though the phantoms excited them, but George and Nell were paralyzed with fright.

With the vanishing of the phantoms all became quiet once more,

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though there was a pungent brimstone smell in the air.

"I wonder what Aphollyon meant when he pointed at us with the finger of his left hand?" mused Violet as she felt of the sore part of her head.

"If we stay close to our Galoo" advised gemme "I dont believe anything will happen to us. Anyway we will have to face what comes until Pernod gets us out."

"I'm afraid poor Pernod can't help us very quick" said Angeline ruefully "The demons wont let him or any one do anything. I'm sure afraid we are going to have trouble. And I don't like the way that fiend pointed at us. And he had such a mean look on his

mean look on his face that I didn't like. Beelzebub didn't even give us a glance. Satan looked arrogant.

"But if we stay around the Paloo the evil spirits can't hurt us," put in Daisy.

"Oh yes they could" declared Angelina "They could work at a distance. They purposely made the tree pull Pennrod out to trap us. Now if a fire Pre-mornena—"

Her sisters looked at her in abject terror. They had never thought of that.

"Quick" cried. Violet sets push the Paloo into the music room. That's the only room that doesn't get fire. Quick Quick."

And they certainly did go to it crashing the door to get in. In it was shored, they pushing on. For fear of being left alone

George and his sister followed Jennie, who closed the door by a backward kick.

Though they came in, they kept clear of the grand organ and piano, which so far was quiet and stationary.

Nell approached the Edison to play it as she loved music.

"Keep away" cried Violet sternly "Don't go near anything in this room!"

"Why not? Won't Mr. Seaman like it?" she asked.

"I don't think it" answered Jennie. "Everything in this room is possessed."

The Edison seems all right but we don't trust it any way!"

Violet went to a window, which from this room also looked out upon the grounds. She saw

the hook and ladder truck
in the grounds, many other
fire apparatus, and every-
thing else including the
firemen, Pennrod and the
police. Nell came to look
too, wondering where her
sister went, not knowing
what had happened to her.
Seeing no sign of her she
thought she went home to
tell mother what happened
to Stanislaw.

As it was getting dark
Jennie turned on the lights,
one thing the demons didn't
interfere with.

Nell was interested in
the wonderful instruments
of music in the room
but she was not allowed
to approach any. George
was still scared.

Violet seeing Pennrod
tried to raise the window
but the phenomenon

held it tight shut. The
windows of the music
room was not anywhere
near the dangerous tree. If
Pennrod could only get a ladder
to it. But the phenomenon
wouldn't let her break the
glass, nor her sister either.

She tried to tap loudly
on the glass to attract
Pennrod, but most strange-
ly the phenomenon would
not let the glass make
the slightest sound either.

She and her sisters
were dumbfounded. They
were brave however, but
now their chief worry
was of Stanislaw and
his little sister. How
would the effect be upon
them, if they were
here with them day
and night for a week,
and lots of crazy
phenomenons in the

house would occur. Then they suddenly thought of the letter from that concern. Angelina turning to George haughtily said:

"Now master Stanislaw, I hope you're satisfied?"

"Satisfied for what?" whined the bad boy.

"That we're in here without our brother and the demons won't let us out, or upstairs."

"But - but - I didn't bring you here!"

"No of course not" put in Daisy. "But you wanted that concern to put us here without him. We brought you here to punish you, by only giving you a good scare, and now you are trapped with us. What is going to happen we don't know. But you will

share it with us Stanislaw, and so will your poor little sister Nell. If we can't help ourselves without our brother with us, we cannot help you."

The attic would be our safe refuge, or the basement too, but the demons won't let us get there."

"But hereafter I'll really be good and be your friend if you forgive me" he said with evident honesty, yet fearing malice on their part and that they wouldn't keep him.

"Whether you truly mean it or not it is of no use" declared Gertrude convincingly. "We heard it said if we were caught in here without our brother we'd be in for it good

and proper. He firmly would never allow one or all of us to come in here alone, as he was afraid something awful might happen to us, if we did not heed his words. But a branch of that crazy tree pulled him out. "If we can't help ourselves, how can we help you?"

"Can't that prayer you say to night a room to its proper position help us get to the attic?" asked Catherine with a sudden inspiration.

"It would help only me," answered Violet "and I wont do anything that way just to save only myself."

"But you have a right to, you're more important than us."

"And to me you're the

same," said violet most firmly. "What I cant do for you I wont do for myself, and that's final."

When she spoke that way there was no use in arguing. However that might pass without any unusual event, except for the customary funereal click, the strange clapping of the walking cane, and the sound of the unseen footsteps.

Most of the fire apparatus had moved away during the night but the hook and ladder truck still remained in the grounds.

Many things had been attempted by the night crews, during the night, but all kinds of crazy schemes and combinations had frustrated all their efforts.

Even to the consternation of the night crews, a strange almost unbelievable phenomenon, made the truck run up and down the broad walk of itself, without its engines going, dance on its wheel trucks, rear up high on end, and run that way on its two hind wheels, and made two tall ladders dance with each other at the same time.

The branches of the tree never ceased their terrific thrashing all night long and nobody was unwise enough to get too close to it.

Pennod did everything he could to no avail. and he did not sleep all night from worry and anxiety. With the approach of dawn the situation was the

name. When it was daylight Pennod went into the house, as he had fire tongs that night, but still the steps remained impassable, by an invisible barrier and were not upside down either.

Pennod who knew Indian incantations tried to work them on the barrier, but with no success.

By morning all the priests of the whole city were in the grounds including the Cardinal, who all together tried exorcism, but the demons just then were not in the building and it availed nothing.

Angelina Anonberg and her girl scout companions came also, but were at their wits end.

The only main obstacle was the open window, because of the buttinsky tree.

Rosaries, and litanies were recited constantly. Masses by six dozen priests were celebrated simultaneously in the grounds in the effort to help the little girls, but the demons knew of this before hand and kept further away.

For some unknown reason also, God did not seem to answer.

To prevent them from freezing in the house firemen kept the steam heat furnace going in the basement.

Two days and nights more passed. And yet so far no unusual discords occurred to disturb the little girls, or their prisoner and Nell.

Pennod never left the ground, during that time, and had very little sleep, for every day he was that much more worried because nothing could be done.

And during those days everything had been tried, but were frustrated by terrific phenomena.

Fortunately there was plenty to eat in the house, and it was not cold.

Violet and her sisters also did not sleep during the night either, and they never allowed the lights in the music room to go out during the hours of darkness.

Yet, Violet and her sisters were more worried over their naughty prisoner and little Nell, than Pennod was over them. They did not

hardly believe there was such grave danger for them - selves, but felt they were unable to protect the two who were with them. On the fourth day things commenced to happen.

At the time they were at table partaking of breakfast of wheat cakes and molasses, the table crashed suddenly bottom up, their whole breakfast being spilled to the floor and many of the dishes broken. The leg of the chair struck Nell's leg hurting it badly, and all of them more or less bruised.

And the phenomenon wouldn't let them stay the table or remove the wreckage it had caused.

"Now what I feared is really beginning" cried Violet "We're going to be

in for it."

"Couldn't reciting your prayer right the table, Violet?" asked Angelina.

"I can't dare do it just now, that's just what the demons want," Violet answered.

Just then, to the surprise of all, the pearls necklace, she wore around her neck, seemed to change into bubbles and gently float away.

"My goodness" she cried, "Where did those pearls go?"

"Here they are around my own neck" said Gertrude, surprised out of her wits. Then what startled them more was that a statue of a man in uniform disappeared in a puff of smoke. "Where in the world,

did that statue go?" cried
Jade.

"Here I am kids" came
the answer, and they saw
a silk hat, and walking
came start to rise up from
apparently nowhere and
go out by themselves, and
disappear through a door.

"This place is certainly
crazy all right" cried Vio-
let. "A statue goes up in
smoke, then talks from
nowhere, and my pearl
necklace floats into the
air like bubbles and—"

"Good Heavens," interrupted
Angeline, "I smoke
fumes, I heard of crack-
ing outside, like fire."

They ran to the win-
dow of the hall.

"Oh Heavens" screamed
little Nell. Our escape
is cut off. Everything
is on fire outside."

It was true. It was sweep-
ing towards the house a
vast of flame, but without
smoke. They were trap-
ped inside the house en-
circled by a wall of
towering flame sweeping
closer and closer across
the grounds towards them.

"Why must we stand
here and watch a fiery
death creep towards us" cried
Stanislaw in a frighten-
ed despairing tone. "We've
got to get out of this awful
house and make a run
for it."

"Not a chance. Not a
chance" they answered.

"Nothing alive could
get through that inferno
and live. Look down
below. The house is
catching fire. I guess
the devils have
fixed our case!"

"It's one of those crazy fire phenomena" added Joyce
"Pile back into the music room. Our last remaining chance is to get in there."

"It's sure suicide to try to get out" cried Joyce. "If we do just jump out by a window, and run we'll wind up in the middle of the blazing grounds. And it's a big fire phenomena for there's nothing to burn, and even the trees don't burn. We're not going to try to get out now. We got to reach the music room and
"And if I don't — look out overhead the ceiling is collapsing!"

Everybody rushed from under just in time. Everything came down with a crash they reaching the room just in time.

Smoke and flame filled the hall. Then miraculously the fallen part of the ceiling replaced itself.

It did seem evident that the phenomenon was going to destroy the building, for flames from one hundred to two hundred feet leaped in the air all around.

"Soak the fire is all around the building" cried Violet. "I believe Stanislaw is right. The devil I believe has really fixed our wagon this time."

"Wagon? Wagon? Galloping Glory Anna sisters."

"I believe you've hit the bricks eye" cried Angeline. Violet gave a start. Angeline rushed off again saying:

"I hath the magic pass word that, going to get us out of here, if

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possible demons or no
demons. Try and get down
stairs everybody - hurry".

This time they succeeded
in getting down to the first
floor section of the build-
ing used as a sort of barn
without hindrance by any
other phenomena.

It was strangely hot
inside but there was no
smoke.

Angéline was the first
to get down.

Pile into that hay wagon.
Our last chance, our last
remaining chance is to
batter our way out of this
crazy house before the
place is also "afire".

"It's sure suicide Ange-
line," as said before
we might wind up in
the middle of the blaz-
ing grounds and -"
"nb) I don't think so,

Outside this main barn
entrance from here the
ground slopes away in a
down hill grade towards
the main pathway.) If
the law of gravity still
works we might roll
beyond the danger zone."

"And if we don't -"
"Don't be a pronosticator
please" cried Angéline.
Go for the wagon quick.
Trapped within the blaz-
ing heated interior they
all stumbled through the
searing heat and scram-
bled up into a big
nicky hay wagon.

Hurriedly Jemelle and
Grace hacking a foot again-
st the wall shoved
away violently. But
one of them forgot
to open the door, and
like a battering ram
the vehicle burst through

the door as if it wasnt there, shattering it, just as on other phenomena puts on an act, and makes it appear as if the whole interior crashes in.

With onrushing defiance the hay wagon plunged squarely into a solid wall of flames, as the whole building now seethes in fire phenomena flames.

In the meantime outside the grounds from various fire departments 40 hose streams was being poured on the flames that seemed to absorb the water. They couldnt understand why the trees didnt burn, and yet the flames threw enough heat to melt stone or iron a thousand and pound in weight.

The fire phenomena

defied all their efforts, and yet gave not the slightest smoke. The flames threw such terrific heat that it drove the curiou crowds of people to the other side of the street.

Pennod fearing for the safety of his sisters was dreadfully desperate.

"My sisters will be trapped in that blazing fire phenomena" he cried. "You must let me and my girl scouts through."

"Impossible" declared the fire chief "In the whole extensive grounds a sheet of flame you'd never reach them alive."

"But under (on) any conditions I cant allow my sisters to perish! They must be saved!"

"I'm sorry, truly sorry,

but only a mirical can save them" declared the fire chief.
"If that was material fire we could put it out. But its a crazy phenomenon."

A few minutes passed then they heard a strange sound like some heavy wagon running wild.

"Sister" cried Pennrod "think I hear something above the crackling sounds like—"

The fire chief had turned his head as Pennrod spoke, and suddenly cried.

G-Galloping gondolas took out. Get off the side walk!"

Even as he spoke there came swiftly towards them a rolling cloud of smoke and a large hay wagon dashing at full speed swept past them.

What was on it they

couldnt see because of the smoke. And it didnt stop until it had reached the next block. Pennrod Burns the fire chief and a forward portion of the crowd swarmed up to the burning wagon. A hose crew came up to quench it.

Violet and her sisters had already jumped off followed by Nell, and Stanislau whose face looked as white as a bedsheet.

"Glory be to God. My sisters and little Nell are saved" yelled Pennrod.

In the confusion Stanislau got away. No body could really tell how glad Pennrod was to see them safe and not even slightly burned.

As best as they could they told every thing

giving all the credit to Angelique. As they were explaining, the fire phenomenon gradually disappeared but there came from the grounds such a demonical discord of cries that the crowd dispersed and fled.

"Come" cried Pennrod. "It's best for us to get away from here too. The demons may resent your means of saving yourselves and take revenge on, on us, one way or another."

They left the vicinity of the house as fast as they could. They saw and overtook Stanislaw taking him with them. On his positively promising to be good in the future, they took him and 'Nell home and then went home themselves, far

more wiser from their unusual experience.

"Here after" said Pennrod
we stay away from there
until Good Friday and
Father Bryan starts his
work, and that's all there
is to that."

Chapter 54

awaiting the approach
of Good Friday.
Good Friday, and what goes
now.

"Well" said Penrod in the
school yard four days later,
"What is next?"

And well might he ask
it. Since the experiences
he and his sisters had, there
had come a great calm upon
the city.

Every body so to speak,
remained within doors ap-
prehensive that, in these
mams 'spooks' might
come in on them.

And yet one of the main
topics for rejoicing among
the inhabitants was
the news of the mir-
aculous escape of Pen-
rod's sisters from the
Grapkin house, and
over the new hopes of
successful results
from Father Bryan, upon

which confidence the whole
Vivian family appeared to
have entered. Father Bryan
must have given the
little Viverans high hopes
on success.

"I believe he will" said
Father Carney "sure they're
worth far more help than
they have been getting."

"That's all very well" de-
clared Father Cussey "But
even if they are getting
any help those gosh
damn devils knows
things before hand."

"That little Jemmine goes
pronouncing around
like a little Virgin
Mary, and they're all
excessively holy enough
fit to kill any demon."

But they've been at this
work ever since I am-
uary, and with all
the help they've been

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receiving they have been
outwitted themselves and for
two days or more trapped alone
in the place, and since
then they've never gone
near the place at all, have
not even done anything."

"My little daughter Rosa
and I" said Dr Kelly, "saw
Angelina coming up the steps
from Madison street this
morning. She was carrying
some strange looking pack-
ages and a small basket
filled with Holy water
bottles. They're up to some
thing Father Casey."

Dr Kelly was right.
Whether it arose from ut-
most secrecy or from
self respect, let the read-
er decide. - The Vizcarra
family did not wish
that all the neighbors
should know their plans
for the coming of Good

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Friday thirteen days off.
So they had arranged with
a Catholic church way up
to give them the most
promising sacraments
to help Father Bryan
on Good Friday.

For a time now until
that day they seemed to
have given up Sereman
crazy house. Even so,
out of their own allow-
ances from Abbreanna
they saw to the prompt
restoration of Flanne-
gan property. Then
there were other duties
outstanding, all long
overdue.

Night after night Em-
peror Vizcarra and Enders
discussed ways and
means. They were
laying plans to
fight to a finish
and conquer the troubles

In Sesemans house
after long study and
some unthigate figuring
they believed they saw
their way clear. In two
weeks time they reasoned
they would be able with
Abre amnian priests and
much Holy water and
irristible sacramentals
to defy all the demons
in existence, and possibly
his little daughters might
once more have the
chance to go back to their
country.

"It's clean sailing sire"
said Evans, the third even-
ing. Provided that neither
of the little girls takes
a cold.

On the following day
at two in the afternoon
a taxi arrived at the
Madison street house in
which dwelt the Varnams

and two men appeared
to see them. The worst
had happened. A number
of priests had come to
try to excuse the Elm
tree, so those fighting the
condition of Mr. Sese-
mann could get to the
building softly, and met
with terrible results. All
were in the hospitals
more or less seriously
injured.

And to double it, Ange-
line, calm out wardly
took her bed, and kept
it. Threat of the heat
fever of French Guiana
again caused by all
the excitement she
had gone through.

She made no com-
plaint, she uttered
no sigh, or groan, she
did not even ask for
a doctor. The little

girls excepting Pennrod were (in no wise discouraged) it is true they were quieter when at home for Angeline suffering from high fever was quite nervous.

nor in her room would they permit themselves to stay long yet the little Seemanns took their turn as nurses. Jennie who always was literary had announced on several occasions that it was the one ambition of her life to write a book about Seemanns crazy house during the hours spent in the room with her sister.

"If you were to write a book" Violet told her "about Seemanns crazy house I'm afraid I would be no good in this country game publishers

would not accept it. I'd say lots of people love to read some mushy love story, with a ramp and a lazy lounge lig and the kind that catches the interest of the people in the mushy morning picture shows."

"Violet (pear) dear" said Jennie "love is a beautiful thing"

"Oh yes I know. It makes the world go round. But the mushy love seen in the movies is not the real thing which I mean, many fall in love to day and seek divorce to morrow. And also this, when I want to marry some one for a 'lone' I find out he ain't got no money".

"yes" put in Pennrod who had entered in time to catch the theme of the conversation "and its that kind of love that makes a lot of those kind of fool girls heads go round. They aint got our kind of love which is true and sacred. most people only marry the golden calf."

"Now Pennrod" laughed Jennie "I'm afraid you don't come in on this act. Little boys know nothing of the most sacred and exalted feelings, which raises one out of the - ch - the common rut, and cause them to -" Jennie paused unable to round off her ambitious sentence.

"Jennie means drawled

Violet that some sort of boy like Stanislaw can not appreciate our kind of love when we showed it."

"You're right" said Jennie "and we're going to punish him some more yet."

It is a regrettable fact that with the little visitors away, the dreaded Seeseman's house was somewhat neglected, and because of that one of the demons consciously, the rest unconsciously took advantage of what to them, was a new freedom and re-entered and the state of that house is now worse than before.

And in spite of the peril many children

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from both schools when they had time, went as near the place as they dared hoping to see some phenomena but were disappointed.

As for Jennie, knowing what she did, she ran here and there and every where and somehow or other contrived to attend more church services in the course of a week than any one could expect.

Nothing would please the little fairy which more than anything was topics about the love of love of God and if the sermon was about the twelve sacred promises Jennie was delighted they and me aside sometimes she and

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her sisters attended movies but if they were saturated with mushy love pictures, and if the scene on screen play threw in cabaret scenes and balls and banquets and high life the movies were shunned.

Their very instinct them when moving pictures were decent and when they were immoral.

In the meantime everything prospered with Pennod, He and George met daily. Jack Evans had again suddenly left the city for an unknown purpose, but before leaving had taught James Andrews a new mysterious lesson and trained the boy in

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the matter of keeping a
strict secret observation of
Mr. Resemanns crazy. In ad-
dition to this, in those three
morning at the Fenwick
club, he had instructed
George to do cautious secret
watching in such a way,
that if spotted by 'banshees'
as to have almost half a
second by eliminating
unnecessary steps and
motions in making
clever crafty retreats.

Pennod and George were
of the opinion that they
would be the best battery
of their age and size against
the demons in the city
of Chicago, an opinion jus-
tified by several attempts
in which they worked to
gether.

As the day (lucky) work
wore on the condition of
Mr. Resemanns house

remained unchanged - many persons still scoffers insisted that there was really nothing the matter the detectives, police, priest, theilians and others were full of hoy, that because of the unusually hard winter that going on the interior of the house 'being cold' was affected and acted up like phenomena.

Conglomer's own condition improved beyond expectation. She needed no doctor, she took no medicine.

As to the 'crazy' house, James and George kept their eyes on the house and they noticed that within the grounds, all was growing greener but despite all signs of decay the house

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was beginning to look very foreboding. On the fourth day after their imprisonment in the "crazy" house their mother herself received by mail the following note.

"My dear Empress Vivian,
Through our mutual friendship Jack Ambrose Evans, I have learned some unusual things about yourself, and your lovely children. My friends think that the present work your children are performing at that German house, is too dangerous for them, and that also the results are not what they ought to be.

I've been looking around and I have two or three plans to suggest any one of which is better than what you may have in mind.

If you, or one of your little girls with their brother, or all of you could call at the Hotel Sherman this evening

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at seven o'clock. I know you and your little daughters, are very busy during the day. I should be pleased to go over the matter with them. Keep up your courage. You will if you always remember that you are angel possessed."

Yours truly,

Robert Fairwell

At the moment Empress Vivian received this letter, Jenne, Jennie Grace and James and Pennod were with her.

Catherine and Hettie were at church with Father, the others had gone out to visit Sally Fielder at St Joseph Hospital.

"Fine" commented Grace "Now ma we can do something that's more dignified. You

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"You know I've been ashamed to tell my friends that we still couldn't make any headway at the grappin house, or what we are doing. I used to say we were only experimenting which also we were."

Her mother almost laughed,

"Well it is true, the way to do anything to Mr. Sesemann's house is to clean it, and put everything in nice order".

"But" said her mother, "theres no one else helping you have made any success in the work you are doing, no more than you have! The whole city looks on such work as much too dangerous and coldhardly and degrading. But we do not go by the

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standards of the world.

All the days you have labored and fought the strange conditions of the Sesemann house, sanctifying strength was given every one of you, because you was working for God's own cause, and also because though you didn't have to, you was working for poor Mr. Sesemann, also and doing work that the Mother of God would have done also - But as regards this letter, what are we to do. No doubt Angeline will be all right again in a few days - I hardly aint got time to write -".

"Mother" said Jennie, "I've got an idea. Suppose I go over and see Mr. Fanueil. I'll tell him how much obliged you

are for his kindness, and
that Angeline is a little
under the weather, but that
in two or three days she
will come and see him her-
self."

Empress Vivian consid-
ered,

"I'll come softly home
mother, no body could harm
me, not with what I carry"
"and you'll be careful dear
to watch out for traffic and
keep to yourself?"

"I'll give you my word
mother, promised Jennie
"that I won't notice no
stranger - at least no-
body outside of the
protective Burns, and
his followers."

Jennie left the house
with the face and gait
of the daring little angel
she way.

Mr Tanwell was an

excellent reader of char-
acter. He was delighted
beyond measure with
the sweet simple little
girl. Her manners were
as excellent as those
of an angel, and little
angel she was beyond
measure.

Jennie was unusually
graceful to the colonel
and grateful for his
kindness. She said so
and she said it well.

She smiled and re-
acting to the kind gen-
tlemen's sympathy

she smiled angelically.
The princess was
really be autiful be-
yond all measure,
and on this occasion
looked her best.

When the colonel took
her hand and bade
her a kindly farewell

she gazed into his face
with eyes shining with the
light of love.

"I'll be expecting her
in a few days, Jennie, tell
them all not to worry. By
the way I'll go out with you.
I've an idea."

As they slipped out of the
lobby onto the Clark street
sidewalk Jennie with a real
simplicity too genuine for
words, yet which had her
best friends seen her would
have evoked mild sur-
prise slipped her hand
confidently into the colon-
el's.

"He was touched.

"Here we go" he said,
turning into a big candy
shop which was on the
premises of the hotel
building.

"Give me a seven pound
box of your best choc-

olates and a pint of ice
cream." The ice cream
Jennie is for Angelina
good for reducing Tella-
toma fever. Sick peo-
ple" he explained "like
ice cream. I like it
sick or well myself.
Say there make it three
pints." "That" he added
to Jennie will be enough
to treat the family."

The colonel's orders were
filled with a dispatch
which would have ex-
cited the envy of any
Chicago concern.

Everybody in the
shop knew the colonel.

He was the landlord.

"You may charge it"
said the colonel airily.
"the Chief of Police,
and send the bill
to His Honor the may-
or."

They walked out leaving the employees in a grin.

"One more place, and I'll let you shift for yourself. Here we are."

They turned into an oyster house.

"One pint of your best oysters" he called out before they were well within the door. "Oh that's a fact! Your sister got heat fever. Oysters are very bad for tell-a-corna, Angeline shouldn't get that fever in winter. Jennie? I'm afraid we're in the wrong shop."

"What's your trouble, colonel?" asked the proprietor of the place, an old man with a face on which keenness and gentleness were nicely blended.

"When ever any one is sick" said the youthful old colonel, "I just naturally think of oysters and ice cream. But oysters are not good for patients with dangerous blood tropical fever. I must be getting old."

"Indeed you are not" protested Angeline vehemently.

It was an unstudied but effective compliment.

"If you'll allow me to suggest something" said the proprietor smiling.

I happen to have on hand as fine a piece of beef-steak as you can buy, for now or steal in this city.

I got it for a special friend of mine - a most special beef-steak for him this morning.

but he was called away
at midnight? if it is for
a sick person?

"It - it is a little girl said
the colonel.

Then some good angel
must have sent you in"
"might be the little flow-
er" suggested Jennie.

"Here all go down please,
and get that piece of steak,"
called the pleasant old
man to a waiter "and be
quick about it"

Then there arose a
friendly snap between the
two men, the colonel
insisting on paying the
other refusing to receive
a cent

By the time the colonel
had won out the waiter
returned.

"Now mind you Jennie"
said the white haired
youth of sixty with

an insight which was
uncanny "your little
sister is to eat this
steak every bit of it, tell
her those are my orders."

"Yes sir" assented the
puzzled little boy
girl. Somehow the

Colonel had figured
out, as Jennie received
the package that little
Angeline if left to
her own invocation
would portion out the
steak among her
sisters and feast her-
self up on their hap-
piness which is pre-
cisely what would
have happened.

"Who'll cook it" went
on the practical gen-
tleman.

"I could sir" smiled
Jennie "but Peppard
is as good in the

in the kitchen as any hotel chef. He'll be home when I get there and he'll prepare it at once."

"Good by them" said the colonel, as they arrived at the corner of Clark and Adams. The kind man might have accompanied the lovely little creature all the way home but for some reason unknown to his most intimate friends, Colonel Fairwell never went farther unless under his own of dire necessity in that direction.

Jennie had she followed her impulse would have thrown herself into his arms. But apart from the fact that they were in the heart of a thronged section of

the city, she was handicapped by three factors. She therefore contented herself with the same graceful curtsey that angeline obliges Father Casey or Larney with, a winning smile, and a look of love.

"Upon my word" mused the colonel as he retraced his steps "I'm a judge of human nature that little girl is more sweet more kind, more simple and more lovable than any little girl of her age. On this city.

He was wholly right. He was an excellent judge of human nature. He saw the child as she always was, she was always as he had appraised her. Jennie

8311

with the full light of
(afflict) affection and grat-
itude shining in her eyes.
moved briskly on, she
was thinking of the little
flower and the Colonel.

Of course it was the little
flower who had set aside
the beef steak for Angeline.

There could be no doubt of
it, it was Thursday the day
the whole Virian family
always chose to honor the
child Saint.

Thus thinking Jennie
tripped along light-footed,
and, with a step so shy,
rhythmical and gay that
it was almost a dance
movement.

"What a fairy like child"
observed a woman to
her companion "Graceful
as be a tiful swan."
commented the other
Jennie heard the words

8312

and saw the admiring
faces of the two women.
She felt a glow of embarrass-
ment, offence spreading
her whole person. She
didn't like to be praised
because she was so good
looking.

She blushed angrily
yet prettily. But using
all her will power she
forced her mind back
to the thought of that
sweet little child of mod-
ern times, the little
flower.

It was a hard strug-
gle. Her heart burned
as she thought of the
little flower. She won-
dered why people admire
beauty on little girls
and women, but think
little less of God.

"Say Bill. Look isn't
that little girl a beaut"

a young man, the scum
sort one finds infesting
corners where pedestrians
are thickest the sort for the
reason of whose existence
and all merciful and wise
God can alone account, made
this remark to one of his
kind.

"She's a little peachérino
all right" remarked Bill
in a voice intended to
reach Jennie's ears if

Set it be said to the credit
of the child, that she neither
turned towards them nor
in any way gave evi-
dence that she heard. But
her person was stirred
by a mighty glow of real
embarrassment - she was
beautiful, she knew it.

But why couldn't they
mind their own bus-
iness. Oh these annoy-
ing packages. Were

her hands free she would
snowball them all the way
down the street. Her gait
changed to a mincing
walk. On a word from Jen-
nie was offended at the
praising flattering re-
marks,

she didn't like people
who liked you for beauty
alone, and she was in the
right. When Jennie en-
tered Pennod and Grace
hastily putting aside
some papers over which
for half an hour they
had been poring and
hastened to greet her
with an effusion which
was suspicious.

The producing of the
ice cream and the box
of candies aroused hil-
arity. The steak for
Angelina only raised
that hilarity to the

point of ecstasy quickly did the meat handed Pennrod complete the task assigned him. He had not forgotten his cooking though it had been many a week since he had done any, as Evans or Mrs Jerry had been as cooks.

"Jennie" drawled Pennrod, "serve the ice cream please. We'll all eat together."

Angeline ate the steak, every bit of it.

Pennrod stood by and remained obstinate when the good little girl would have made the greater part of it over to her sister who to do them justice were so regaled by the ice cream, and a liberal allowance of chocolates that they bore the loss with jubilation.

The young cook show-

ed himself the equal in any kind of cooking but he ate little ice cream—only one heaping dish.

He did not eat chocolates as he don't like them.

He saved a second dish. "I think" he observed, that little Jenny Bear whom I visited just a while ago would like this.

"Why not run over and give it to her?" asked Jennie.

"I've just been there Jennie dear. You have not paid her a visit yet."

"That's right" added Angeline, bowering unaccountable eagerness "you ought to go and see her."

"Yes that's right. You are a friend of the

family" put in violet.
"Very well" said Jennie.
"I'll go but I'll try to re-
turn in an hour and a
half at the latest."

It was now moontime.
"Don't be in a hurry Jennie"

said Catherine

"You ought to take your
sewing along" added Pen-
rod kindly.

When the fair little
maiden departed Pennrod,
and Violet exchanged
meaning glances.

"If you please Angeline"
said Violet - Pennrod and
I will go into the back
room. We are working
at something we'll be
on hand any time you
want us."

Jennie did not return
until two o'clock in
the afternoon nearly
half an hour late,

much to the comfort of
her brother and sister.
When she entered, Ange-
line was sleeping peace-
fully. The mother and
sister were out.

Catherine were orna-
menting St Patrick's
Church with their presence
while Pennrod and his
fellow conspirator were
waiting her in good
humor.

"We're glad" Violet ob-
served "that you had a
good long visit."

"Even if you did make
everybody think you
were a little (ag) angel"
said Pennrod "say Jen-
nie if you don't mind
Violet and I will
take a walk on Clark
street."

"Don't stay too long"
answred Jennie, "t-

"near supper time."

"Gosh" said Penrod as they hurried down the stairs "but wont we take a happy rise out of her to night?"

That evening the supper over the dishes done once sitting beside her sister Angeline exclaimed:

"Why Angeline you look ever so much better."

"I feel decidedly better dear. I'm sure I'm beginning to get well."

This announcement was received with considerable interest all were equally as loud in their expressions. Violet and Penrod proceeded to whisper together.

"There are no secrets among us in this house"

said Jennie suspiciously but smiling.

"Thats right Jennie"

Penrod made meek answer "Say Angeline Violet and I have arranged a little act. Wouldnt you like us to give it?"

"If you two made it up" observed Jennie "it ought to be good."

"I believe Jennie is right" said Violet with a judicial air. "But we did not make it up - only part of it.

Most of it is the work of some other people. Angeline, shall we?"

Certainly dears. I'm sure we shall be interested indeed"

And they certainly were. The two young thespians retired to make up. In ten minutes they were ready. Daisy was called in and returning shortly clapped her hands.

"Ladies" she said "the play to be stayed, is entitled a regular story out of the Bible".

Inside the room, (if not into) stepped Violet, her hair was done up most beautifully.

If the appearance of her clothes did not complete the illusion that she was a heavenly creature the appearance of her head removed all possible doubt.

As with mincing steps she slowly advanced, one hand held a stick with a large silver star attached to the point, the other was employed in wearing a crown of roses.

Suddenly there appeared coming upon her from the side Pendod.

He carried something in the form of a Bishop's staff, a flower in his coat. On seeing Jennie

he stopped, stared or stared, (not) and rubbed his eyes. "What a most lovely creature indeed" he cried.

"Lovely creature?" cried Violet awfully "you mean that child standing there?"

"Yes"

"Then there is no one else in this vast crowded world he can possibly refer. Do you mean that little girl sir?"

I represent St Peter in disguise form. On seeing her, our Dear Blessed Sird is carried away by a love so deep that it must find some outlet. On him I must speak."

"Oh my goodness" sputtered Violet. "I'll be glad to listen from the little flower - oh I am aside - isn't she

just too sweet for words?"

"Her eyes" continued Pennrod, perched above only by God in a way that all women and girls might envy, crowned with lashes that no artist can depict, are windows of great holiness, looking into the fairylands of Heaven, eyes most beautiful and pure in the sight of God, eyes that once seen would make all the saints mad with love.

But her holiness, her modest grace, excels all her beauty.

"How cool could that be?" simpered the little flower.

"Her ears" continued Pennrod, clasping his hands and raising his eyes upwards are pink shells of the Celestial Region always listening to the

praise of God, and giving Him love as great as her overwhelming beauty."

"That sure is true" said Violet seriously "I can hear all right. I'm listening."

"And her character, her lovely character is far more beautiful than her lovely face, her heart is the home of God's lovely garden of Heaven, by roses and lilies, its the fairest purest heart that God ever looked upon."

"How well he describes the good little girl" said Violet with a smile and a facial expression which gave her an air of heavenly joy.

"Fair sir pray continue. Do you really mean it?"

"Everything she does is perfect, her mouth is perfect and pure - lips red as the heart of God's ruby teeth, pearls of priceless value, words come from her mouth that is exceedingly pleasing in the eyes of God, a smile so bewitching that to win it, the world were well lost."

"How well he describes Princess Jennie," simpered Violet. "He must be a real wonderful observer to get in all these details in a single glance. How little he has overlooked. Go on dear sir, you really interest me strangely."

"Fairest of the little maidens of God, the lights of Heaven become mean when compared with your dazzling beauty and holiness."

The silvery moon confronted with your shining orbs pale into insignificance. Oh loveliest of little damosels, God asks you to be his."

Jennie unobserved by the others had gone tearful, bitten her lips and shawn throughout the performance unusual pleasurable agitation! agitation.

Now she arose, and stepping between the two said with emotion-

"You good, good brother and Sister, holier than I am. What do you mean by saying all that about me. You are just as good as I ever am. You just want to see how happy I could be."

"There are no secrets in this house" mumbled

Pennod somewhat surprised by Jennie's emotion.
 "you'll get this coming back to you" said Jennie
 "Mother" explained Violet as their mother, came in. Pennod did not make up his part. He just learned parts of those sentences from a religious book by heart. I made up my own part by myself. There were four verses written by some holy priests.

The strange things about it is that the Saint's name is not signed." "Mother" cried Jennie "am I to have all praise to myself. Aint they just as good as I am. Pennod and Violet put on a play and have been positively making me

as a special child of God.) th true I'm sure but are not they too?" "But Jennie, my dear child, how do you know what they are, and what you are?"

Jennie filled with love and admiration yet hung her head shyly, but made no answer.

"and then, too" went on the mother "can it be that you're shy over a little thing like this?"

"no mother" protested Jennie promptly "I'm not shy" (full of pie)

"oh" exclaimed violet, "I think I understand" she drawled. "I see it all now. Jennie wants all the good things to come to us, not to herself."

"Years of happiness

came to Jennie's eyes.
 "She certainly does love
 God more than anything
 all right" continued Vi-
 olet, her eyes fixed on the
 floor, and her brow wrin-
 kled in thought "and now
 I understand Jennie's
 idea in becoming our guard-
 iam angel. She wants to
 spend her spare time
 in making everything
 good for us. Isn't she a
 darling angel?"

Poor Jennie got too
 happy to bear any more
 "You bring good bro-
 ther and sister" she
 began "I'll never, never,
 forget this as long as
 I live. I'll never
 forget this ever - oh."

She wailed "I feel as
 if I am in Heaven."

All were startled. The
 boy and girl were actually

frightened. The astonish-
 ing thing of it all was
 Jennie's declaration
 that she felt as if she
 was in Heaven. When a
 little girl like her feels
 that way something
 awfully good has fallen
 upon her.

Before any one could
 rise to this most un-
 usual situation Jennie
 uttered a happy wail
 and rushed from the room.

"Poor Child" exclaimed
 voice running from
 beside Angelina's bed and
 following after her.

Pennod and Violet
 could not hide their
 surprise.

"My mother" said Pen-
 nod "I thought this thing
 was going to be good."

But it turned out better
 than I expected. I feel

as if I had done that to God Himself. She puts me in mind of Christ as a child. "The trouble is," said violet that we've always been unusually good to her. She can get happy enough to cry over a little thing. How surprising of us not to have seen through those verses of that saint. They were written by the same hand the wording were the same. Pennrod and I learned them by heart, and all along I couldn't for the life of me see how any man even if he is a saint could get such a revelation from Heaven Oh wasn't it beautiful and it touched her more than I ever expected. "Of course I continued violet pursuing her analysis. If

the verses had really come from that saint it would not have come so strong on Jennie? I don't know much about that sort of thing at all, but I fancy that there isn't a little girl at all in the whole world who would be made that happy on account of having seen a simple play made about her. I think they would not like it. And then of course we at first really thought those verses had come from St. Anthony and we examined them while Angeline is lying here sick mother. And now we've made Jennie more happy than we expected. We have increased her good feeling very much. "Yes" said Pennrod.

delightedly. "We're sure
put it in very strong.
We've made a tidy sprite
out of her."

"I'm very glad though from
the bottom of my heart"

declared Violet.

"Me too," added Vi-Pen-
nod. "Say mother it was
all my fault when Jen-
nie went off this morn-
ing, she must have
forgotten to put that book
of the lives of the saints
away. It was lying on
her desk, and when my
eyes fell upon the book
and saw the verses I
could not help read-
ing on, and anyhow
mother I planned it."

"He sure did but I'm
just as guilty as Penrod".
declared Violet "I made
up all my part better
than the verses."

"But I started it" argued
Penrod mother I feel
that I did something good
to Jennie that I never
did before. Every body
will say I and Penrod
deserve a (return) return.
If they hear of this keep
it a secret mother will
you?"

"Yes" do and for me too"
implored Violet. "We not
only made Jennie so
happy but I can see
that in making her
happy we have done
the same to you Go on
tell us what to do dear
mother."

"My children" said
their mother "I know
you did a very unus-
ually good deed, but
I know that her good
possession angels are
going to do everything

in their power to return this
to you.

"They sure are - aren't
they Violet?" If I thought it
would help and some-
body would spoil her
happiness now, I should
be glad to make her walk
over that party and kick
him at every step. But
you are not advising
me mother."

"She never will Pennod"
admonished Violet "If you
won't give her a chance
to say a word. Go go
on me mother"

"I'm positively sure
children that you really
have done the best
thing in the world to
Jennie. But also I'm
afraid from what you
did to Jennie you
really have angered
the demons in me see-

mans house dread-
fully. They have wicked
pride, you have wounded
their pride. They hate
Jennie worse than all
the rest of you. You
have made Jennie
go through the best
hour of her life - but
I'm afraid that is making
the evil spirits go through
the bitterest hour of their
lives. Look out for them."

"Gosh," Pennod almost
whispered "I wish some
one would kick the
snakes in the grass
who brought the devils
in seemans house
and dont keep their
promise to us, and
kick them hard" yeo
and do it hard, 'go
on mother"

"Perhaps continued
the Empress "this may

bring you both to see something that all your friends have always tried to point out to you many and many a time. All of show more respect for your sister than you ever did before, or to yourselves and the demons defy you for it."

"That's so" answered the boy "But I also defy them. Jennie is older and she has much more sense than us."

"Yes but she is the best of us" declared Violet "and she is not slack in her holiness either. And she is older, except Joyce Go on mother."

"You all have touched upon a real difficulty my children. It would be nonsense for me

to say that Jennie is more sensitive than she was two years ago. And she certainly does and says things which you are almost bound to believe comes from the very mouth of an angel instead of a little girl.

There's your difficulty with your battle against the demons in Rose-mans house and those who take her seriously confirm her in her holy ways and not long, yet sometimes I have believed you my children were sort of rash in your efforts in this place in mans house.

If you go too much at it, theres the real danger of going too far, and they might

frustrate you at ever
turn. It is my hope that
this crazy house is pass-
ing through a sort of
transition. How it will
turn out there God only
knows. It is at a most
dangerous period. You can-
not encourage any one
nowadays to go near
the place. And yet there
is one great danger, one
terrible danger if you
go too far in meddling
with the place."

"What is that mother?"
asked Violet.

"It is just in a line
with what has so fre-
quently happened which
you know. Of what you
have done to Jennie
will increase her loss.

for you. Some is her
strong and weak point
Jennie is made to love

much. She has enough
love in her dear little
heart however holy and
pure it is to make her a
rebel breaking's aid.
And the evil spirits -"

Here the fond mother
broke down. The tears (feel)
fell from her eyes and
in making the last
declaration she sank
in a chair.

"Aw don't cry mother"
he blubbered Pennrod.
"We do love her more
than ever and am glad
we made her happy
in spite of the evil
spirits" protested Vio-
let between sobs. Come
on Pennrod, we'll go in
and join' in with her
joy, and to morrow
m'ning I'll go see
father Carney and see
what to plan for

for Good Friday." "So will I" said Pennrod mastering his emotions. Come on Violet, we will go in and join with her. Whereupon the two little saints went off to join her.

They found Jennie lying face down on a couch beside her Grace was seated stroking the girls hair and telling her that Violet and Pennrod were very very good for doing what they did. At the sound of their foot steps Jennie lifted her head revealing a tear stained but unusually happy face. At the sight of Pennrod and Violet her face became full of love. She arose and was about to say something nice very pleasant when Violet fastened her

"Jennie, Jennie" she cried I feel feel more happy about it myself than you are. For I do love you Jennie and I've made you happier than I thought I would. I've been awfully good to you, for I love you."

The adoration look in Jennies face increased and wonder added.

"And that's the way my reef" said Pennrod There are those verses. Take em Jennie and do what you please with them they'll do you good to learn them."

The wonder on Jennies face remained, but her expression of love became softer. Another inspiration then burst upon Pennrod.

He darted down upon Jennie, threw his arms around Jennies neck

kissed her; then blushing hotly stood aside. Violet taking his cue did likewise.

Then Jennie smiling and rosy stood up and caught the two in her arms.

"Oh" she exclaimed "I'm so glad you love me you are just the dearest—" Jennie completed this sentence with a kiss (not kiss) for Violet and a hug for Perrod who in view of the occasion before the 'infliction' like a hero.

There is a power in overjoyment which taken in one way may increase one's spirit, sweet portion still more sweetened by love. For several minutes the three babbled away away as though there were no such thing as misery and heartburning and sin in the

world. Once however seen enough to show her delight in changed conditions had gone over to the window which looked down on the glittering lights of the city below.

"Look at Grace" whispered Violet "there's something wrong with her."

Jennie arose and lightly tripped over to her sister.

"Grace" she said wistfully "you've been crying you know you have. It's all my fault. You sat with me for I don't know how long and you petted me, enjoyed my happiness. and you said such nice things

But I was too happy and excited and so,

overcome that I didn't notice you. But I was listening and I heard you and I was over you all the time Joyce. Joyce you is the best little girl in the world."

And Jennie threw her arms about her sister.

For a few moments Joyce's lovely face twitched with emotion which was too hard to control.

"It isn't that Jennie. It's something else I down with Pennrod and Violet. I must tell you."

The three seated together on the sofa looked at Joyce with blanched faces. They never seen Joyce sad and almost broken before.

Pennrod and Violet keep this from Angeline. She is ill. My Roseman house is beyond

control. We have lost any chance in that position. If Father Bryam can't do anything for us we will have to abandon it to its fate."

"It can't be" gasped Violet.

"What?" quavered Jennie.

"It's too dangerous to approach. Fathers Casey and Carney have warned me to tell you all to stay away. We're laid off until business improves."

"And that means?" asked Pennrod.

"It means that we are (temporarily) temporarily defeated."

"But what about all the other priests?"

"Their efforts have been wiped out too. With our meager effort which the spirits had frustrated at every turn

to the last of last week.
We have just seen our finish
in that line including our
hopes of an early return
home, with defeat, total de-
feat staring us in the face
in the bargain".

The three child gazed
at each other helplessly.
Why didn't we know this
was going to happen before?"
Angeline and I knew
but we hoped to make out
now we are no longer
demon fighters and Angeline
(Mary) may not be able
to do any thing for some
time."

"I feel" observed Violet
like a China baby. It's
not so bad. We drove
them out of the house
in Calvernia".

"But it took a year"
said violet again.
"In spite of them -

several her listeners be-
gan to smile.

"I'll tell you what" went
on the pro-precacious
child "Here's an idea set
start an novena to the little
flower".

"Good" cried Pennod while
the others nodded their
heads "and lets make
it snappy. That is I mean
lets begin at once".

"That would be lovely"
said violet. "Do you think
(hed) the beads would
be enough Pennod?"

"Sure and throw in the
Satin too. We have no
time to lose, The situat-
ion of the Mr. Seseman
house is badly mussed
up and its got to be-
tbe -"

"I rounded out suggested
violet.

"That's it, Its got to

be ironed out mighty quick,
and the sooner we get
the little flower on the (goy) job the better."

After further consideration of way and means
the quartet smiling, gay,
arm in arm filed in
and ranged themselves
about Angeline.

"Well Angeline" said Joyce
"We're all ourselves again."

"It is literally true" added
Violet.

"And Angeline" said Pennrod,
"We're going to start a novena right now for your
recovery and for some
thing else. It's to the
little flower. Will you
join us?"

"How nice. Of course. How
about Mary one and her
sister?"

These two cherubs having
early lost interest

in the play had slipped
out into the passage-way
where they had been am-
using themselves with
a number of games, some
being of their own inven-
tion.

On being called in and
asked to take part they
showed themselves com-
plimented and with
alacrity sank upon their
knees answering the
prayers in tones that
were within a little
of bringing about a dis-
turbance of the peace.

Next morning about
nine Father Carney
called. He had heard
he explained that
little Angeline was
ill as she had failed
to come to school.

Father Carney in his
way was quite as

sharp as the colonel. How neat the rooms were, how clean. He did not know that in an excess of zeal Jennie had given hours to scrubbing and cleaning aided therein by Violet and Grace and how clean and fresh the little Virgins looked.

How well they were always dressed. But he knew the little Virgins were richer than any rich person, and their charity beyond record.

He had come to ask for a donation for the school. No he would ask them nothing. They give without being asked.

He was ushered in by Mary one. "Oh Father Carney" said Mary "last

night we started to make a novena to the little flower. I'm making it best of all. I say the prayers loudest."

"You don't either" contradicted little Margaret. "I beat you."

Father Carney interrupted the brisk argument that ensued by informing the two innocents that in the matter of prayer earnestness counted more than shouting, thereby saving no doubt the other inhabitants of that house from the impending disturbance.

"I suppose" he added that it's for Angeline's recovery.

"Yes" said Margaret, "but the other reason is a secret."

"Jennie" said the priest looking kindly on the child who flushing with delight caught his proffered hand with delight "When ever I see you I always think of the Mother of God when she was a little girl."

"Oh Father" exclaimed Jennie charmed with a new beauty, "you can't mean it. I'm not like her at all, I'm sure."

"In one important respect you are - exactly like her"

"What is that Father?"

"It's the power of loving. It's a most wondrous power and if it be worked right it means sanctity. But I'm deathly afraid of it sometimes. If love gets into the wrong channels it means destruction. I know you are always like her, indeed

though you doubt it. May you gain her intercession in your work against the powers of darkness in Mr. Sesemann's house."

"I will pray hard for success Father." At my utmost

"I say chawled Violet" the little flower has started to work already:

"How so?" asked the smiling priest.

"He sent you to visit Angelina and your blessing will surely help you to get well."

"I hope so" said the priest.

As he left the house with Jennie clinging to his hand an impulse seized him.

"Here Jennie he said drawing out a ten dollar gold piece "do you remember when we

winning a prize in a foot race a week before Christmas."

"Yes Father"

"And I overlooked giving you the prize"

"No Father, you surely did not, you gave me a gold scapular medal."

"That was a big mistake" said the subtle Jesuit "There was no sort of prize for such a performance. The fact of the matter is I was dead broke at the time.

Take this and get some good things for your sister Angeline."

"Oh thank you Father" said Jennie gushing with joy and love. "But it is I who should be giving to you!"

He looked at the gold piece piece and then turned around.

"What's the matter

Jennie?"

"I thought" she answered "that the little flower was behind me."

"Who knows?"

The laugh of Father Farney rang out clearly as he hastened down the steps.

Presently he sobered.

"I suppose" he moaned "I've made a fool of myself again just because those children are good and lovely, holy as angels I hand out a gold piece. I'm old enough to have more sense. I came to ask them for an alms, and I give them a gold piece instead. There's no fool like an old fool!"

At the same moment Colonel Roberts was signing his name to the following note -

"My dear little miss

8357

Angeline,

I thought yesterday that I was presenting you with a choice bit of steak but the idiot whom I forced to take the payment for it, returned the (money) money by the first mail this morning.

As I do not want to sail under false colors I'm sending your sister and I hope a better piece when you are well call on me and I think I can fix you up." Respectfully Bob"

"I hope" mused the Colonel as he sealed the envelope that Father Carney does not get a view of this He will think I'm a sentimental old idiot maybe he is right. And like as not even if they don't need it there, no harm done.

8358

and if its a blunder its a blunder on the side of the angels."

Thus did the two amiable old gentlemen reproach themselves for their foolish sentimentality. They did not suspect that behind their supposed blunders were unseen powers.

The wonderful novena which began on Thursday did seem to start invisible forces into action on Friday as we have seen come Father Carney with his blessing and cheer also a gold piece which he gave against his wishes or better judgement to Jennie.

"Also Colonel Robert Bridewell sent beefsteak enough to give the whole family a square meal.

The Varians held the meat for Saturday while eating their fish dinner. The phone rang. Jennie answered it and received word that there was a great crowd of unwary curious near Mr. Resemann's house waiting to see a phenomenon.

Now there arose a very serious difficulty. The Colonel who never had gone near that radical house himself, did not—not somehow think of the Varians in connection with the law of Father Bryan against their going there without him giving permission.

Jennie told her mother of the phone call. The Empress pointed out the difficulty, difficulty to her children. What was to be done? They had

no means to chase the foolish crowd. And from where they live now it was a very long distance to ask police to go there was unthinkable. Jennie going again to the phone called up Father Carney.

"Father Carney" she explained "you know what Father Bryan told us about Mr. Resemann's house. And you know also that Angeline is sick. Now there is a curious crowd near Resemann's house waiting for a real phenomena. Even if Father Bryan would give us pre-permission to go and send them off we have no means of doing so, and yet the foolish people are in danger, and we don't like to leave them."

there to face trouble. What are we to do Father?"

Now explain it as you will this is what happened to Father Carney thinking only of what had happened before, recalling that on such days the little girls had faced dire peril he promptly answered:

"No trouble at all. Obey Father Bryans injunctions at all costs. Let the fools take their medicine. If they want it and I hope they'll profit by it. Take my advice. Don't go Good bye." saying this Father Carney hung up the receiver, recalling in the act a fire phenomena would probably be thrown upon the crowd.

He removed the receiver again and realized he had forgotten

their phone numbers. "What can the matter with me?" he asked himself. This is the second time in two days that little Jinny Virian has upset me. Yesterday I lost my judgement and today I've lost my brains. It's perfectly absurd to tell them little Virians not to go and sent the foolish crowd away, just because so many think the demons will injure them outside the crazy house.

Now let me see what is their phone number. It's Lincoln Avenue 5,000.

(It) I must correct that statement."

Taking up the telephone directory Father Carney set about finding the call number.

to make sure when the porter of the Parish house addressed him.

"Father Carney there is an urgent sick call and the priest on duty is out attending another."

An urgent sick call. When a priest hear these words he forgets everything else and goes forth with all haste to help and strengthen a soul in the supreme moment.

Father Carney thought no more of the case of the reckless crowd that moon in consequence of which the imperial family stayed home finishing their dinner.

"Once more had the good priest blundered onto the right course of action. On Saturday third day of the November a

snowy one, Angelina announced, that she felt a little better.

"The little flower is working for us," said Pennrod gleefully.

"And I feel sure" said Jennie the model child of the family "that she will keep it up."

"I think" observed Violet that the thing that's got her working so fast is that little dear little brother of mine who made Jennie so happy two days."

"All what are you blowing about?" said Pennrod flushing a flushing red.

"I didn't do much to her. You'd think that I was the only good boy in the world."

"See here Pennrod I am" said Violet seriously.

"I'd have you know that I don't care to hear you say anything unkind about yourself. You showed us months before we discovered you were our brother, what kind of a boy you was and that's final. We have often believed you were one of our angels in disguise as you have certain unusual w^o powers over nature." "I'll let you know who's like me in one way" put in Pennrod.

"Who on that?"

"You."

"I understand I'm a sort of twin."

"Any how" said Pennrod, finally my opinion in that the little flower is on the job so fast because we began the novena without delay!"

Mab "maybe it was Pennrod" conceded Violet. "And I said the good youth I've been thinking that little Sally Fielders will live and pray for us." "And I know your right Pennrod" I think your early start on that novena was just the right thing."

So Pennrod started for the Terwick club with James leaving violet happy when he returned at moon-time, he entered the apartment with a whoop.

"Didn't I tell you Violet. You heard me say so did you not jennie?"

"What did you say?"

"I don't think I remember?" asked jennie.

"What did you tell me?" cried violet.

"Why that the little flower
was on the job and would
keep on. Dick Evans is back."

There was a burst of de-
lighted ohs and ah's.

"Yes I saw him at the
Fenwick club this noon,
and he asked about every
one in the family, by
name."

"Whom did he ask for first?"
asked Jennie.

Jennie began James
with a drawl that indicated
the judicial attitude "asked
that question because—"

"I take it back James"
said Jennie with her
sweetest smile.

Jay mused Pennrod
"I'm dreadfully hungry.
Webber George and I have
been practicing all
afternoon and Evans
has been helping
us. If there's anything

"to eat here lead me to
it."

"Say Pennrod" said Father
me "We got beefsteakcon
and sweet potatoes, Rye
bread and butter."

"Bull's eye" ejaculated
Pennrod. Of course it was
not a banquet but it
was good. And Father
Carney's gold piece had
also been used to a good
purpose.

Also on that afternoon
Joyce who had been sly-
ly going about the
territory of Mr Sesemanns
house, seeking vainly
for a plan and clew
to frustrate the Ban-
shes returned despon-
dent.

Of course she and her
sisters and brothers
all obeyed Father Bryan
It is true and kept

away from the dangerous place but it seemed the condition of the house was going to be hopeless and there was barely enough priests and others now at hand, courageous enough to go near that place or within the grounds for an hour.

If the worst came to the worst she and her sisters by their own consent could or would have to abandon the project as beyond cure. But she and her sisters did not like to abandon a fight and besides if they did the demons might take advantage if they could see a way to repay and they may follow where ever they go.

And she did not want to abandon a

a contest which she felt might win out in the end. Her friends and neighbors were afraid of Sesemans place, they could not summon the courage to go within three blocks of the place, and others would stay still further off.

and then there was the question of the burned house on the corner of Adams and Halsted which had been burned early in December and could not be worked on until spring came because no reconstruction is done during a cold winter.

and then there also was the question whether they could win on the demons or not, and the dire consequences

if they did not. She had heard of the awful results if you give up the fight against them. They'd be in every place you go, follow you where ever you go and make life not worth living. She hated to think of the ship they'd take for home - becoming like Gersmann's house. All the passengers would go mad.

The tears sprang to the unhappy girls eyes at the thought that they might be forced to go and abandon their efforts and go away, leaving Mr Gersmann's house to its fate and also suffer the sad consequences of their defeat.

Worst of all Joyce felt that it would not

be fair to Angeline to pretend that there seemed to be some hope still. She had deferred the sad news hoping to discover some good chance. And now it was Saturday, all hope of other help was suspended at noon, and there was no prospect of aid for Monday.

To crown these misfortunes Angeline, who had been improving for two days was on Saturday evening giving indications of a relapse.

Joice forced the tears back and wearing a smile that must have won her high favor in the eyes of the angels joined her sisters in their customary Saturday shower bath.

Before the Empress

children laughing and gay were so adorned that one entering the room would have felt assured that he was in a room of their regal Palace in California State.

Before supper I say for had he witnessed theirugal repast (as they did not feel like eating very much) he might have reversed his opinions.

Twenty minutes after the beginning of the meal, the plates were apparently clean, and there was so little left that only a keen eye could detect here and there a tiny crumb.

"On my birth day said Pennrod looking intently at his little sisters "I'm going to ask Father Bryan to

let me celebrate the victory over the banshees in Mr. Resemann's house."

His sisters became intensely interested.

"What are you going to have Pennrod clean?" Violet asked.

"Pie" said Pennrod "mince pie."

"Great" said James Andrews his mouth watering.

"And ice cream and cream puffs and oranges and fruit cake."

"Gee goodness gracious" exclaimed Violet "won't it be gorgeous!"

"And raisins, and a lobster for Jemine."

The little girl flushed prettily

"I want just the same as the other Pennrod."

"When is that going to be Pennrod?"

this question came from
the practical violet.

"Oh my birth day"

"Sure we'll defeat them by
then?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Oh that's a - that's a detail"

"What kind of a detail?"
asked Daisy.

"Another Bryans detail. My
birth day is three months
off. We'll arrange that
in plenty of time and
Good Friday is April
of this year."

"And Pernod" said gen-
tly "what sort of meat
are you going to have?"

"Chicken" said Pernod
firmly.

"No" said violet "Let's have
beef steak."

"Chicken" Pernod insisted
with a grim.

A friendly comical

controversy arose at once.
Pernod and Jennie would
have chicken, the rest
of the family mindful
of to days blissful din-
ner were strong for
steak.

Jennie arose and becoming
lyrical sang the
praises of fried chicken
to such an effect that Grace
cried out

"Jennie for goodness
sake stop. If you say
another word about the
wonders of fried chicken
I'll be forced to get up
and go out and rob a
restaurant at once"

The picture of Grace in
the role of a highway-
man provoked silvery
laughter interrupted
by a knock on the door.

No one was startled.
Every one as Pernod rose

and caught the knob looked eager and expectant.

"Whoop!" piped Pennrod" to Jack Evans himself." and forgetting all the Rosemann troubles, the holy children rushed upon the big smiling fellow.

Poor Jennie now radiantly beautiful at sight of the beloved friend had a moment before been thinking with unconscious fear whether the phenomena of Mr Rosemann house would follow them here, such as she read from some saints here and there. Then it also flashed through her mind as she threw herself into the wonderful man's arms, that no little girl such as poor in all splendor and pomp or in rags could possibly feel as happy

as herself, and her brother and sisters holding his hands and plucking at his coat.

Upon my word, love is a wonderful thing.

"Stand back" presently ordered Jack Evans with a severity of tone that his twinkling eyes, re-deemed.

"Get into line. I want to ask some important questions."

"Go on we're ready" said Pennrod, in his overflowing happiness throwing his arm around Violet.

"James" said Evans do you like ice cream?" "Yes sir" answered James with supreme seriousness.

"Go do it" said Catherine.

and Catherine do you like cake?"

"Not so very much, but I won't refuse anything good to eat."

"Of course" continued Evans, "you wouldn't care to take anything right now? You've just had your supper, I perceive."

They all giggled.

I think we could manage," Evans said Penrod, with a laugh. "We ate a scant supper as we were in a hurry to await your coming."

Then Jack Evans skipped out of the room, and at once came back with ice cream, and cake and - and could they believe their eyes raisin fruit cake, and raisin bread, and chicken.

"I hope you'll get away

with the ice cream" observed Evans his eyes twinkling. "It's so hard to do justice to it even when you've gone and taken a small meal."

All protested earnestly that they thought they could finish it.

"Did you see the little flower come in with Jack Evans?" Jannie playfully asked Rose. "No my dear" but I do believe she did come in and that's when here now."

You can bet your sweet life" Put in Penrod that when on the job and working over time."

"My dear little Angeline" said Evans coming to her bedside. "I'm more than glad

to see you too, but in a big way I'm badly disappointed. I thought by this time you would be up."

"So did Jack," said the little sick girl catching his hand and showing in a way her manner of welcome, fully as cordial as that of her sisters" but to day I'm beginning to fall back. I'm sure the fever is not serious. I have no pain or an ache, only heat and chills."

Jack Evans looked at her keenly. Her face had taken on the tint of a baby just becoming into childhood. She did not look frail, thin, but she appeared pathetic. She did not even show any sign of wasting away.

Hovena continues.

"My dear little Angeline" he went on, "I have come to ask you and your whole family for a very great favor."

If its anything in our power Evans dear we shall be only too glad. It may put all your proposed arrangements out of joint."

"Perhaps we can contrive" "It is this Angeline. We must occupy the premises three houses west of Mrs. Flannigans burned house. But first I want your consent on that."

"But what do there?" "It is this. I'm going to use the front room. That house is also across from Resemanns but that window looks down the broad walk

"to the entrance"
 "I'm afraid" she began
 "that I can't leave my bed."
 "You can go in a taxi.
 Father Bryan orders we
 stay by day."

"Oh!"
 "From mine in the morn-
 ing till say about mine at
 night."

"Perhaps we can arrange
 that"

I feel sure you can, at mine
 will come here and will get
 the permission of sitting at
 the same window. He'll
 not bother any one. He
 may come in, and come
 out. He'll be in no ones
 way. Of course he may
 interfere to some extent
 with your sacred privacy—"

"Say no more. Jack.
 If its for any friend
 of yours he is welcome
 and yet as for staying

there nights why we could
 not think of it—not so
 fast anymore. none of you
 need stay at night. not
 even think of it at all.
 about five he will leave.
 and I shall take his place
 full at the right time."—
 "Oh how very delightful!"

"Isn't it" beamed the big
 man "you know I shant
 spent all my time at
 the window. I should say
 not. We're going home
 here and have a party
 every night. And no end
 of fun. We may use that
 particular room until
 Good Friday."

"How happy I and my
 sisters will be. I feel
 as if I let you take
 our Father's place, when
 he goes elsewhere to
 duty. And just at a
 time when mother has

to go away."

"So then Angeline dear
that's settled now we must
tell Joyce, and Joyce may
tell the others. Hey Joyce dear
Come in for a moment. Oh
here you are. I have just
concluded we make arrange-
ments for a house three
houses west of Flannigans
and use of the front room,
for three weeks or so. Ange-
line has heard and ag-
reed. There'll be a man
there to-morrow at nine
who simply sits at the
window and I believe
him from five to nine."

"Nothing doing" said
Joyce. Father Bryan said—

"Father Bryan wants
us to."

"And you'll be able to
keep guard over us and
play with us even if
I have to go

and neglect my duty."

"Well if Father Bryan
says so all right. Why it
will not interfere with
me in the least. Evans.
Indeed it will help. And
we'll have music every
night, - that is —" The girl
suddenly paused. She just
happened to recall that
all music instruments
across the way from Mr
Elsemans place might
be come possessed too.

She still remembered
the crazy Grand Piano
and its visit to the De-
plains Street police.

station, and had been
warned it would not
be wise to bring mus-
ic instruments near
Mr Elsemans house.

"But we can't risk
staying in the house
across the way at

"right Evans,"
you must or the whole
adventure of Mr. Sosmans
house is off. And let me
tell Grace that might be very
hard on us and dangerous.
I'm counting on being
back at Abercannia. You
know what I mean, but
excitement will make
up for our loneliness.

Excitement will make
us forget our homesick-
ness."

"Of course then" said Grace
dumpling with joy I can't
refuse it since you put
it that way. And how
glad I am that I can't.
Angeline I was just won-
dering how I could break
you the bad news. But
now it is easy. On Fri-
day I discovered Mr. Sos-
man seems to be
beyond hope and I did

not have the heart to tell
you. I know it would
worry you so. But now
we have a full for a time,
long enough for me to
make some plan. and
for you to get well."

When the others were
summoned and when it
was explained to them
what was to be it required
strenous efforts on the part
of Grace, Pernod and Jennie
to prevent them from
making an outbreak of
noisy rapture which
would have brought in a
good section of the neigh-
borhood.

Just then Jack Evans
going out onto the stair-
way landing returned
with more packages. As
he held the articles up
one by one, a big ex-
pensive mechanical

top for James also gloves.
A flirting doll for Daisy, a
catchers mask for Penrod,
also gloves, and things for
the others too numerous to
mention here. The applause
and jubilation got beyond
control since Joyce and Jennie
were almost as loud as their
younger sisters.

"I say Jennie you were right."
"How do you mean Penrod?"

"I'm sure now the little
Flower has sent Evans back
to us soon after the capture
of the two wicked Georges.
But oh suffering cats isn't
that horrid working?"

Sunday passed without
anything worthy of re-
mark. Nothing happened
excepting the weather
was stormy.

Angeline seemed to be
getting no better a no
worse. She dela con a seem-

ed to hang fire which was
a good sign. Even the others
noticed that.

"Say Mr Evans" said James
at their reunion that even-
ing "the little Flower has
done a lot more than we
expected, but she has not
come around to Angeline
yet."

"You have no faith James"
said Violet.

"I have so too I did not
mean to say anything
against little花痴ese"

"I've an idea" said Evans
that she'll come around
to your sister in good
time"

And this statement
as I the writer firmly
believes will be verified
by a series of events
some of them rather
startling which are
to be set down in this

and the following chapters
On the monday afternoon
Pennrod Virian and George
were strolling down Clark
street passing Lincoln Park
from the ball grounds where
they learn the tigers had
in two innings so signally
outplayed a rival nine the
Yankees that the latter gave
up in disgust. Not one of
the players could solve the
pitching of the great Webber
George.

Once too it happened
a gang of boys was to play
a snow fort fight against
an other gang of superior
numbers.

Three of the members
of the smaller gang
were Catherine Force and
Dazy. Some boys on the
other side said:

"Aw that ain't fair. You
ve got three of the

Virian's on your side!"
One boy jokingly answered
"Aw they can't throw."
"No, of course they can't."
cried the other sarcastically
"They're such poor throwers
that they miss everything
they ain't aiming at."
There was no snow fight.

Pennrod and George were
elated. Moreover they had
more than an hour to
spare before going home.

"Suppose" suggested
Pennrod "we walk as far
south as Jackson Boulevard?"

"That's just the direction
I'd like to take" said
George.

Each had had the same
thought in mind. Each
wanted to pass by
the Hotel Sherman
where per chance he
might get a sight of

Jack Evans who was staying there. Who knows but he might see them and give a smile. Why he might ask them in and then they could tell him about their recent performances on the diamond.

"He's an awfully nice cousin of yours" observed George.

"He sure is" responded Pennrod. There was no need to ask George to whom he referred. "And do you know George? I know he is very brave."

"Is he?"
"Yes and I can tell you plenty. Why I know it He is so nice and gentle with children that you'd think he couldn't say a rough word or give a look a look savag. But he wouldn't

be afraid to tackle his weight in wild cats. And he's as strong as a gorilla."

They now walked on in silence for sometime straight down Clark street, continually towards the hotel.

"Say Pennrod. Look what here - on the other side of the street."

Pennrod turned his gaze in the direction indicated. "Why its Jennie and - and Angeline Richee."

"Do you know what Jack Evans said of Angeline Richee the other day Pennrod?"

"No what?"

He said that when God made Angeline Richee he made a girl who ought to be able to do something in man's house better than Father Bryan can."

bet if she'd stay even alone
in Mr. Sesemann's house
it would be empty of
Banshees."

Pennrod laughed heartily.
"Don't you believe Jack Evans?"
"That's what Evans thinks,"
Pennrod said. "If I or my
sisters can't nobody can.
I'd give it up if they would.
maybe she can do it maybe
she can't. If she has the
qualities she has managed
to keep everything a dead
dead secret."

"At Father Carney's doll
sale" the other went on,
there was a whale of
a little girl there with
china blue eyes and
wheat stack hair which
hung way down her
hand and shiny
cheeks and a big dim-
ple. She was talking
to another in y our

language too. And she look-
ed just like Angeline
Richie. But she was a little
taller. She has as much
sense as Angeline Richie
maybe a lot more and
I'm sure she too could help
you. She I believe is Jen-
nie Turner."

"How do you mean she
can help me?"

"Oh she looks like a
demon chaser."

"I can't make out" said
Pennrod darkly why my
sisters can't do anything
in Mr. Sesemann's
house."

"Neither can I" answered
George and your sisters
have brains. All of
them can write most
beautifully. My sis-
ters said that your
sisters young as they
are, are the best writers

writers of English in the first commercial class, and they are good in everything. And that Richee girl I'm sure could make Mr. Seemann Banshee look like barn geese. Father Carney says the demons haven't enough sense to come in out of the rain when it's raining. If Satern did get an idea into his head he'd have a seige of brain fever. Father Carney also said he believed when God made Satern, he spent no much time giving the features the finishing touch that he let it go at that. So he put nothing in side his head, just left it empty, and if ever it wouldnt hurt him a bit, the

fever couldnt harm him it woudnt have enough to work upon."

"I hope Richee will come to my place," said Pennod.

The gentle praisers of Angeline Richee were now in front of the Hotel Sherman.

They looked in. Jack Evans was not in the lobby.

"It's too bad" said Pennod "maybe he's gone out"

"Who are you looking for boys?" asked a friendly faced gentle man in spot less attire. Below his close cut white moustache projected a large fat cigar standing out in a neckless angle from the corner of

his mouth.

"The Gorilla - ah I mean Jack Evans" answered George.

The gentle man gave a laugh that was good to hear.

"That's a good one" he said "Poor Jack Evans called a Gorilla It fits him like a glove. The Gorilla"

"His enemies" explained Pennrod made that nickname up out of their own head."

"Who is this boy with you?" the man asked of George.

"Pennrod Vurian."

"Pennrod" exclaimed the man "Are you Pennrod Vurian?"

"Yes sir" said the astonished boy.

"I hate hands" Pennrod

I've heard of you. And that, Webber George"

"Say what are you? Did you hear of my pitchung?" asked the interested Irish boy.

"I've heard a lot about both of you" came the answer. "The Gorilla as they call him spoke about you. You are really lucky boys to have so good a friend."

"Oh George" said Pennrod the light of discovery on his face "this is the man that Jemmis talks so much about" its colonel Robert Francis Brindle well"

"How is Jemmis?" asked the colonel

"She's been pretty much like a little angel more than sever"

answered the brother.

"She may be an angel in disguise" declared the colonel.

"You don't know her as well as I do sir most of the time I believe she's a dozen angels in one."

"Wait boys" the colonel meditated for a moment "Well I might as well tell you. A minute ago Jack Evans got a phone call from a house on Adams street below La Salle. He was to come at once on most important business. - something about the Seese man house. 227 was the number. but

No name was given. I advised him not to go. while I am

not free to tell you all I know about Jack Evans I dont think it any breach of confidence to inform you that there is a bunch of men in favor of my Sese man enemies in this city who mortally hate Jack Evans for helping in this fight against devmons. I was just beginning to worry when you two boys came along."

"Come on boys lets go and see what's going on."

"I'm with you Penrod" said George his eyes gleaming at the prospects of a adventure.

"Hold on boys" said the Colonel removing his cigar "Let me tell you this

Jack Evans went from here to Canal street. He's going down Canal as far as 12 street be cause he intended to stop at a United Cigar store where he expects to meet a friend for a moment. He's probably there yet now. Sook. And keep your eyes open."

At the word and after the formality of leave taking the boys hurried away.

They had reached a moving picture theater on Canal when Penrod suddenly caught George by the shoulder. "Sook," said Penrod pointing toward Ninth Street.

"I don't see anything." Sook at those two men standing just a few

feet beyond that theater well what about them?"

"Here go slowly I want to (stink) think. There's this about them you see that six foot one with that big black moustache?"

"Yes he has a big red scar over his right eye and another scar across his right cheek. That's the fellow, you know him?"

"I do not George by name or acquaintance but I recognize him" said Penrod earnestly bringing his companion to a halt by catching the lapel of his coat. "That man lives on Madison street."

"How do you know?"

"Know why? he lives right across from our house on the third floor. And though Jack Evans

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hasn't said a word to me or my sisters, I think there must be something between them. That guy has two others fellows with him. Sometimes they show up at the window. Now I noticed on the very day that I and you had that big boxing match in the Skinner School yard to test your ability to join my band of scouts, that Jack Evans every now and then was looking his eye at that window. And here's a secret George. You'll keep it under your hat won't you?

"Of course what is it?"

Jack Evans is watching those three guys from our window every night to a

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mystery, a dark mystery." "A dark mystery is right," said the delighted Irish boy.

"Another thing George those two fellows are keeping their eye on that cigar store. Do you know what that means?"

George meditated for a moment

"By jimmie" he cried rolling his dark eyes in the delight of his discovery "It means that Jack Evans is there yet"

"That's what I think George"

As though to confirm his opinion Jack Evans at that moment stepped out of the tobacco store alone and proceeded to cross Canal Street.

The two men at once proceeded in the same

direction.

"It's a cinch they're trailing him," whispered George. Sets go on after them. Who's the other guy with the long hair, and dark glasses?"

"Never saw him before but I'm dead onto the dark one. Walk slowly, George. I want to think. And I've got to think quick."

In several seconds the two moved on in silence.

"The worse of it is" said Pennrod as following the two men they crossed Canal and then to the other side of 7th.

"I'm certain that the dark guy knows me and also my sisters by sight. He has seen me standing at our window. Now George I'll tell you what. You go

ahead and catch up with Jack Evans. It's pretty good and certain that fellow does not know you. And when you do get up with Evans, don't let him stop or turn around and look back. That might queer the whole thing."

"Bully," said George. "I understand anything else?"

"Yes, let Evans know that I'm behind, trailing the two who are trailing him. Now if you want me, or if he wants me all you need do is make a sign and I'll be up with you in a hurry."

"Say Pennrod you have a head you think of everything. Now I'm off." The crowd on the

east side of Seventh Street was thick. Taking advantage of this the young scappy Irish-boy threaded his in and out like a highly educated eel.

He easily passed the two men without attracting their notice. George breathed freely as without mishap of any sort he came within a few feet of Evans.

He felt the feeling that filled him with elation for to him this was one of the most important hours in his whole life. Before addressing himself to Jack Evans George breathed a short but earnest prayer.

"Oh I've got it" he mused.

He was directly behind his hero now

so near that should he move his arm slightly forward he would touch the big man.

"Don't turn inn Evans" he said in a low, clear voice.

"Ordinarily not. But youse Garvage? Hees been followin'?"

"Yes" whispered the boy still walking behind him "One's a fellow of Madison street. Scan over eye and on face"

"Be odder hambre?"
"A measley shrimp of a guy with blackish spectacles and long light hair."

"And Peenood Veeverees follow heem?"
"Waz youse call heem tall zeem?"
"Yes"

"Youse geet Pennrod wiz
youse and beet zen to ze
corner of dwelvith and can
ool straight. ze two of youse
try theek up someding
to geet 3 an atteention off
me at 3 at corner fo ze
meeneete or two"

"I get you" cried George
slackening his speed and
moving towards the inner
side of the side wall
a walk, glancing with
a casual effect back
he saw the two men
following at a respect-
ful distance and just
behind them Pennrod.

George making sure
that Pennrod's eyes were
upon him caught the
peak of his cap by
the right hand and gave
it a twist to the left.

It was his signal
indicating the intended

to serve a slow bullet at
once Pennrod gliding uno-
btrusively past the two
men and hiding him-
self by pugging the
side walk nearest the
abutting houses came
on at a pace which
brought him besides
George at the corner of
canal and 10th street.

"Say Pennrod. You've
got to think hard fast.
Look at the nerve of
Evans going about as
though I told him
nothing. Say he
wants us to block
those fellows some-
how or other."

- For a couple of minutes
at the corner of 12th
and canal not quite
two squares from me?

"What's his idea?"

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"I don't know but I guess he wants them to lose sight of (them) him for a minute or two. I know he's got something up his sleeve. But how are we going to do it?"

"I believe I've got the idea," returned Pennrod slowly. "Say isn't this grand?"

"Isn't it though?"
"I'm just wild with excitement. Say what do you think of this? Suppose we get behind those fellows and at the welfth street we suddenly jump on their backs.

We are strong enough to do it. Of course we don't need to hold them down but that will stop them dead in their tracks. Then we'll skip off and beat it and

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have them chase us. What do you think of that?

Pennrod shook his head.

"Perhaps if we had luck we might spill them both," argued George. "That might be great. We might spill-spill-the-the."

"The shrimp" finished Pennrod. "I suppose either of us could do it I believe. But there's not a chance of spilling them without causing too much of a scene, and bringing help to them from people who don't know what they are. They may think we're cowards or little robbers. If there were nobody

around we'd jump them
good and proper, now
I don't want to blow but
I think any plan is better
but it's harder. Now get
your ear near mine and
listen and think hard:

There was at least for a
minute an exciting con-
versation, Pennrod supply-
ing the words for the most
part. And George furnished
the gestures.

"And now" asked George,
as they neared the west
street, "on which side are
we to stage this little
affair?"

"If Jack crosses this
street to the west
side of it why we
just naturally do
it there but if he
turns down 12th on
the mean side that's
our side too," said

Pennrod.

Evans crossed the
street.

The battle of Canal Street.

"That's settled it" said Pen-
rod "we cross too."

As the boys reached
the further corner they
stood and glared at
each other. They mutt-
ered they snarled. Both
were to all seeming
highly angry. In the
meantime the two
men were crossing
the street.

"You're a dead beat"
cried George.

"You're another" yel-
led Pennrod.

"Take it back, or I'll
burst you one on the
noise" returned George
with a face that

the furies might well envy.

"You're another, another another—" and George aimed & left swing but (purposely) missed.

It would be difficult to any onlooker, and there were already several to say which one springing sprang at the other first. In a moment they were rocking at and swinging in a clinch.

Suddenly Pennrod broke loose and with a violent shove sent George flying into the long hair'd man in the spectacles, who naturally went back wards and nearly fell.

Pennrod was after him with a tiger

like spring so deftly timed that instead of leaping upon George he landed headfirst on the tall dark man's stomach.

On the whole the performance was very disconcerting to the mysterious pair. Apparently too excited to apologize Pennrod falling to the ground made through the legs of the dark one for George who giving signs of having had enough ducked behind the confused pair. tripping the tall one to the ground.

At this juncture strong men caught George and Pennrod, and as the two

victims of this trick both of them looking strangely frightened hastened away down the wellbtl, exhorted the 'belligerents' to make up.

"It's nothing we were only fooling," exclaimed Pennrod, thrusting himself with his hands and gazing eagerly down the street.

"It was a joke," said George, turning his eyes in the same direction.

Jack Evans disappeared. The trailers were gazing wildly in the direction he had gone. One of them, the long-haired man, whispered to the other and at once they quickened their steps.

A moment later the boys uttered an

exclamation of astonishment in one breath.

"Come on" said Pennrod "Some thing is going to happen."

For as the two mysterious men passed the third house from the corner there stepped out from a doorway Jack Evans.

Positions had been reversed. The trailer one was now the trailer.

Between 13th and Canal street is a small alley called straight Lane and

on the meader side of straight lane was then the second district police station. As the two men were passing this the long

haired man seeing the building stopped to gaze in through the large glass windows there-

by halting his (peep) companion. At the moment Jack Evans scarcely fifteen feet behind them broke into a run like a full back with no time to lose.

He was on the two men just as they were about to turn and resume their way running his left arm around the longer man's neck, and with the other picked up bodily the smaller and then the other losing nothing of his original stride he had the two inside the station house so expeditiously that no one but the two boys and a little girl across the way looking out of her window took the least notice.

"Suffering cats" cried Pennrod.

"Blistering bananas" howled George "wasn't that slick?"

"Shake" said Pennrod. "We put it over fine George you're a born actor."

"You're another. But what shall we do now?"

"Suppose" Pennrod said that we stroll down towards the station house. I wonder what happened?"

"Sure lets go. Say we'll have something to tell your sisters and the fellows. I feel like a detective."

"We are" said Pennrod with a grin. "Hello, here he comes!"

Jack Evans his hands in his trousers pockets sauntered

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forth from the station
smiling largely perfect-
ly serene. He threw a
quick eye towards 12th and
seeing the boys redoubled
his smiles and stretched
his arms towards them
in welcome.

The young detectives
flushed, proud and happy
dashed forward and
literally threw themselves
upon him.

"Boys he exclaimed
you are simply simp-
ly wonderful." He
way you staged that affair
means that you are
quick witted, skillful and
brave. No coward could
have done that."

Pennrod and George gazed
upon him in ecstasy.

"And more than to me
you done y ourselves
and the little Union

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girls a most wonderful favor.
And I'm almost certain
that you saved yourselves
from grave disaster as well.
They were no real men,
They were two transform-
ed demons demons in
the form of men."

"What?" gasped the two.
"And you've done more
good than I have a right
to dare tell you. That
long haired man—"

"The shrimp?" asked
the lively Irish boy.

"Exactly, he's the most
dangerous demon in
the United States. He,
that fearful one called
Mike."

"And I shot him into
you George" cried Pen-
rod.

"After I brought them
into the station they
told me sternly who

they were, and vanished into thin air. There's a reward out for anyone who can clear Sesemann's house," continued Evans, in Abramian. "One word more boys. Will you do me a favor, a great favor?"

"Sure" they answered, in a breath.

"Keep this whole thing quiet. It's most important for all. Notice how I got them into the station despite what they were, so quietly that no one ever noticed, and I took them by surprise. There'll be nothing about it in the papers."

"It's hard sir to keep quiet" said George "but you can bet on us"

"Say Evans" pursued Pennrod in accents of sentry-duty "if you're going

to keep that appointment on that 222 address won't you please let us go with you?"

"I'm not going" laughed Evans "But while I was in the station I arranged to send a few substitutes, ten plain clothes men. They are there now I believe."

Just then the clangor of the patrol wagon rang out.

"I hat pndues it and now the men who wanted to meet me at that address are about to get a free ride, and will become 'guests' of the city."

On that particular Monday morning Jack Evans did not put in an appearance at the Durians.

house. As five, six and seven o'clock passed there came an unwanted feeling of depression on the expectant children. Angelina herself, still ill had grown more feverish, but not any weaker.

Even little Daisy and Catherine became restless, and didn't feel well. To relieve the tension gentle voice who had come home foot sore after spying around Mr. Rese's house seated herself at the piano.

Being though she knew it not an artist of music, she informed her music with the sadness that was then upon her spirit.

It was all quiet beautiful but it did little to banish the surround-

ing gloom. No doubt once herself was feeling the better for her performance. She was passing on to the family her own depression and in relieving herself, distressing her good audience unconsciously.

When however she struck the opening strains of La Golondrina a Spanish or Italian Funeral March the room turned.

"Hold on voice please, please, please," entreated Penrod mindful of his splendid adventure was making a partly successful fight against the prevailing melancholy. "If you want to play that thing bring in the corps first." Voice turned somewhat

startled eyes upon the boy.

"All have a heart voice. Please don't play that now."

"Pennrod is right" commented Violet "I hate poor voices way always. If she feels gay she plays gay music. If she feels sad she sings out sub stuff. You ought to try the other way round voice. Please. We're all feeling bad to night" "Yes give us a jig" said Pennrod.

Voice apologized she had been indulging in self expression though of course her self expression never turned out to be selfish expression. Whereupon addressing her once more to

the piano, she presently set all hearts and a few tiny feet dancing to the (merriest) merriest Irish music in her repertoire.

On the whole the family returned to their normal cheerful state.

Nine o'clock came, beads and litanies were recited with fervor, it was bedtime.

"This" observed Pennrod, as they arose from their knees, "is the fifth day, day of the novena and—"

He was interrupted by a single sharp knock at the door.

"Jack Evans" came the chorus.

But it was not Pennrod opening the door with speed was facing a messenger

boy who giving him two letters hastened down the steps.

"What is it Pennrod?" came the chows,

"Here's a letter for Angeline, and by George here's one for me. I'd even your Angeline dear" and he handed his sister the letter.

"Thanks, Pennrod. Please read mine privately first, said Angeline, "but if you judge proper let all hear it."

Once running a practiced eye down the type written page broke into a smile.

"Oh this is such a nice letter to from

"My own father. Read it, read it" shouted Daisy and Catherine who a moment

ago hardly able to keep their eyes open were now fully awake.

"May I Angeline?" to all right?

The little fever girl nodded

"My dear little Cousin Angeline. Pardon me for breaking my engagement, but a rush of important business, long distant messages, telegrams and telephone calls has made it impossible for me to leave the hotel."

All this work came upon me suddenly because of strange doings going on at Mr. Seremans house and also your brother Pennrod had much to do with it. I want to compliment you on Pennrod and George.

He assisted by George has I believe saved my life and all of you

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from grave disaster. Whether that be true or not, one thing is certain he and George have done a signal service to the community and the nation as well.

Pennrod, is a brave boy thinks quickly, and acts quickly too.

You may well be proud of your brother - to morrow evening I hope to be on hand. With this I am sending a letter to Pennrod which I am sure he will read to you. With love to all and kisses to add, I am

Your loving Cousin,
Jack Evans.

All eyes were turned upon Pennrod who sitting on the davenport was gazing as though hypnotized upon a sheet of note paper.

"What's the matter Pennrod?" asked Joyce laying the hand of

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affection upon his shoulder. At the touch Pennrod started, roused himself and jumped to his feet.

"What? want to know?" he began addressing them, "is whether Tim awake or dreamming, or asleep."

"Awake" said James.

"Well then Joyce please read this and Pennrod handed her the sheet of note paper.

"My dear Pennrod. I have no words at command to express my admiration for your wonderful work this afternoon, nor to give you any good idea of how grateful I am to you. The demons whose capture you and George brought about was an unusual thing. You and George are wonderful beyond words. There was \$12,000 reward offered for any

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who would capture the demon Mike even if he did disappear afterward you and George are entitled to this reward five thousand dollars each.

There are some formalities to be attended to before the proper authorities make the payments.

But I am taking the liberty of advancing five hundred dollars on account - believe it, I am advancing this -"

"Here it is" said Pennod still looking very dazed and taking out of his trousers pockets a roll of ten dollar bills "Here violet you count them. I can't Gee I know Tim not asleep, but I can't believe it!"

I am advancing this money promptly because everything is needed. And you and your sister need to carry on the big fight. And because as

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George and you are done I am sure it will be of immediate assistance. George will be paid in full when the necessary formalities are completed with. As there may be some delay before the balance still due you are paid I want you to understand clearly that in case of any shortage of ready money, you may command me, or if I be absent Colonel Robert at any time, for any sum up to one hundred and fifty dollars.

Among the telegrams I have just sent out is one to your mother. I am grateful and I pray that I may be able to show my gratitude not in words but by deeds.

God bless you all

Devotedly

Jack Evans

I believe there are fifty ten dollar bills

whispered Violet as she returned the bills to Pennrod.

"Here mother they are yours" said the boy prince and as he handed them over the heart of the afternoon broke down.

"Do you feel bad Pennrod."

"No" sobbed the boy "I feel good."

"We ought to be now very happy people" said Daisy "but yet Pennrod goes and cries"

The spell was broken. They were no longer dazed. The gloom was lifted. The winter was over and gone.

The flowers red roses danced unto their cheeks cheeks and although the situation was not taken up

seriously Jennie and Violet assisted by Pennrod improvised a love feast ice cream being the principal feature.

"Who" demanded violet "said the little flower was lying down on the job?"

"But Pennrod" pleaded Jennie "tell us all about it. We are dying to know."

"Oh it was nothing at all, any how Jack Evans told us not to talk, and Webber George and I have agreed not to say one word. We might say too much and give ourselves all away to the devils of Mr. Jesse Evans house."

"Say Mother dear" said Daisy, "Catherine and I have talked and we are elated that the devil Mike was

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shown his place, may we offer our communion as a thanksgiving to tomorrow, even though our novena is not yet finished?"

"Yes dear."

"And offer it for Angelina?"
"Yes dear at the same mass."

While the two younger Virnans shrieked and clapped their hands in sheer joy, Jennie turned to Violet.

"Violet I want to ask you a favor I am suspicious of something I know it."

"We all love you Jennie" said Violet simply -

"And - and pray for me, for you and them and this is one of the times

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Violet I am afraid something is going to happen. Pennod made me very happy that after noon you know, and I know the devils resent it bitterly."

"We will all pray to the little flower."

On Tuesday afternoon shortly after three o'clock Pennod Virnan and Webber George their faces telling the tale of peace peace and good will towards all men emerged from the sporting goods store of Gold Blatt Brothers which as every one in Chicago knows is an unusual store.

"Gee" sighed Pennod "I wish we had a fight with Mr. See-

mans house's to morrow. I can hold any sort of ground against them with boxing gloves like these."

"Good morning" came a cheery voice. The affable Colonel Bridewell, breathing gratefully the fresh late winter air, rejoicing in the golden sunshine of a perfect cold March day and looking as though the unusual weather was his own arrangement, paused in his walk and gazed with genial eyes upon the two pals.

"Good morning sir," said Pennrod. "Oh I say Colonel you ought to see the boxing gloves I picked out.

I preye a wonder and I've got two bats that I'm sure are going to put me up on the fine hundred. class

"That's so added George and Pennrod is going to let

me use the bats too. We are partners you know."

"The bill for them is for four dollars and seventy five cents.

"And" asked the Colonel "are you paying for them out of your own pocket?"

"Yes sir. You know Colonel its this way. We always have money, as we are of the Abramian Royal Family, and holy as we are we are the wealthiest persons in the whole world."

The Colonel's eyes twinkled. He remembered the time when a hundred dollars looked very big to him. He too had once been a boy like Pennrod.

"Now you know sir, I always use good judgement in spend-

ing it. And, I didn't forget.
did? George,
"you sure didn't" answered his pal.

"But you have not spent
it all?" the Colonel remarked.
No, there's twenty five
cents left. George and I are
now going to have a good
lemon soda, cold as it is.
The price for two is thirty
cents. George has the extra
nickle. And then we'll be
through and going home
after a visit to a doc.
"Dont you think that's all
right, sir?"

"How's your sister Ange-
line?" asked the good
Colonel.

"Not so well sir. She
had a sort of chilly
or chill spell this morn-
ing; ending in a sort
of fainting spell and
we were frightened.

She keeps on getting
weaker and weaker. I've
been thinking about her
ever since."

"Were you thinking about
her while you were buy-
ing these things?"

"That's the only thing
I ever did. It would be
strange for any boy
going to buy things
and be almost the only
time when he'd not
think about his sister
or mother. I don't like
that kind."

"And that," said the
colonel. "he coming at
her serious is just the
time any boy should
have been thinking
about his sister or
mother most."

"I certainly did."
"But you didn't seem
to show it."

"How do you mean sir?"

"I mean this. You love your sick sister."

"I should say I do even more than myself."

"But how do you show your love? Why didn't you think to get her some little gift out of your very own money? I'll tell you why. You think that since your sister carries her own purse she can buy herself what she wants. And it's true, she can. Also it never occurred to you to think how much your sisters or your mother would love any little thing from you."

Children, the best of them take all kinds of gifts and sacrifices from their mothers and relations as a matter of course. It

never occurs to them to make gifts of their own, and sacrifices in return. Do you see what I mean. Set me put it to you in another way. Suppose your sisters like roses and violets. They buy themselves a bunch and take them home.

Of course they get full enjoyment out of them.

But suppose that you, a boy of ten knowing that your sisters like flowers go and buy them a bunch out of your own money don't you think they'll enjoy them a lot more?"

"I guess you're right sir. And could they love them? I should say no. And we did say George you rem-

ember we went to Spaulding's half an hour ago and got that big bunch of flowers for all my sisters and mother too. I've sent James after more money so we could get Angelina something else too? wonder what's keeping him?"

"Oh look here" protested the colonel "I'm spoiling all your fun."

"Not so sir. I would gladly get lots of good things for my sisters, I never refused to do the least thing for my sisters or my parents in my life. I do love them all but I can't express it. I sent James with the flowers. I know many never think of it that way."

"And that" phrased opaqued the colonel, "is

the way with most young boys and girls, even the best of them. They only think of flowers for their mother, and relatives when they are dead, which is about as sensible as the fellow who keep all his money intended for charity till he's dead.

He gets no fun out of giving it himself and the (charter) lawyers and the Courts get all the fun, and the relatives whom he never knew get the money, and the poor get the gate. There are many thousands of good mothers who go to the grave in sorrow because their children never took the trouble to show by some outward sign

the love that was really in their hearts."

"She says it will be all right Pernod," announced George coming out of Spalding.

"Well run along boys and remember this. Get other boys and girls to follow your example when ever they strike anything good they should let their mothers, sister or brothers in on it. The boy or girl that does not love their parents, brother or sister is not fit to keep company with nats. or auld ales."

"Thank you I will sir" said Pernod "I'll remember what you said."

As the boys now joined by George sped away the Colonel

entered Spaldings.

"Are you the lady that was waiting on that little boy just now?" he inquired. picking out a young woman whose face showed kindness in every line.

"Yes sir"

"I thought as much from the description of you" said the old gangster solemnly.

"He said you were the kindest and the most beautiful sales-lady that he has ever seen"

"How much money do you want to know sir?" said the sales-lady demurely.

"I dont" returned the Colonel "But I'll tell you what I want you've got Pernod Vinsians

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address?"

"He gave it to me three times sir. He was afraid I might send the goods to the wrong address."

"All right, now I'm Francis Bridewell!"

"Oh indeed. I've heard of you!"

"I'm not the one who was sent to jail the other day for signing other people's names to bogus checks."

The young woman giggled.

I know you are not you're at the Sherman's

"Correct. Now you select for the boy a base ball outfit and send it to Pennad Varnam to, tomorrow morning."

"Certainly sir."

"And charge it to my

account. Hold on, I see its only four dollars and fifty cents. Here's the cash, and be sure to mark the package paid in full."

"Yes sir. Anything else?" "Nothing else" I laughed the colonel beatings a hasty retreat.

The two boys meantime hastened over to O'Malley's food food store on Varnam, Burien street, were keen on getting steaks failing to get which Pennad compromised on a dozen or more large pork chops.

Attached to a bouquet of roses and violets bought especially for Angeline was a card inscribed:

"To Angeline with love

from Pennrod") that Colonel sure has some grand ideas" said George.

"I wonder indeed where he gets them I say Webber George I feel better over this than even the catchers glove. I think I'll even cancel it and replace it for something else for my sister. I know my sisters will be surprised and George I want you to take them. It will be easier on me. And you tell them all not to worry. I may be home late but it will be all right."

"What are you up to now Pennrod?"

"I've got an idea. So long."

Pennrod walk-
ing as far as Adams
turned towards Halsted

street he stopped at a building consecrated to physicians offices. Entering the elevator he asked to be let out at Dr Kelly's office.

"Third floor here you are" said the elevator man.

"I want to see Dr Kelly miss" said Pennrod politely removing his hat, and grinning at the young lady who seated at a desk guarded the entry way.

"Is he in?" "Why" replied the young woman regarding Pennrod's eyes with interest "I think he is. His office hours are over but if he hasn't gone out I'm sure he'll see you fit down for

a moment and I'll see."

"How nice everybody is to me" thought Pernod. It did not occur to him that others were nice to him because he himself was nice to them.

"You are just in time. Dr. Kelly was on the point of going out. He says to come right along."

She took Pernod by the hand and presently, opening a door motioned him in. "I'll take your name and address afterwards" she said.

Seated at a table legs spread out and hands in pockets was a middle aged man who looked young. His eyes were on the floor his face thoughtful in expression. He was in what is commonly

known as a brown study,
on hearing Penn ads enter-
tance he lifted his eyes,
kindly eyes beaming
from behind a pince-
nez and gazed inquir-
ingly at the boy who
at once grinned broadly.
"Why upon my word"
cried the doctor the
look of care vanishing
from his face "Mr Pen-
n had written to you do
you do?"

"Fine and dandy sir.
I have not seen you
for a long time. Say
are you not a friend
of Father's Casey
and Carrey?"

"I should say I
am. Father Casey
was my beloved
patient sixteen years
ago."

"I like him too said

Pennod, "awful much"
 "So then welcome" said
 the general doctor extending his arms in greeting.

Pennod skipped over and shook hands warmly while the doctor glanced sharply at the lads face.

"You don't mean to say you're ill?"
 "No sir."

"I thought so Pennod for you don't look sick though I firmly believe a juicy beef steak would do you no harm."

"Gee" I laughed Pennod already perfectly at ease, "I should like that first rate sir."

"Well what have you come about Pennod?"

"I want you to do me a great favor sir."
 "And that is?"

"My sister Angelina is sick. We've been very suspicious for a long time and she's getting weaker and weaker. It's that strange tropical blood germless fever she's got down at French Guiana. And she hasn't had a doctor yet and do you know why sir?"

"I'd be glad to know." Well here's the way I dope it out. She's been offering herself to God to win at Sessmann's house also for the sake of myself and sisters."

"That said the doctor emphatically his fine features expressing sympathy."

"Was fine."

"She's a record breaker little saint sir"

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There was a twinkle
in the doctor's eye.

"But now doctor the
situation is different."

"How so Permit?"

"We are no longer bot-
hering about Mr. Besse-
mann's house."

"You aint?"

"No sir"

"That aint good news."

"In fact we are no
longer bothering about
it at all."

"Unusual"

"Yes we have at the
advice of Father Bayar
now stopped it until
further notice from
him."

"That" said the doc-
tor facing down light-
er emotions and
almost suppressing
the twinkle in his
eyes "is the wisest

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motive to swallow it
is what the writer of novels
call "untold wisdom".

"Do they sir?"

"Yes"

"Well I guess it is now
doctor I wish you would
take a good look at
Angeline. It's a present
from me for her."

Pardon my curiosity
but what did you
do about the Seeman
disturbance since you
left last"

"Nothing and I bought
roses and violets for
Angeline."

"Well you certainly
must love her."

"I do sir. And Colonel
Bridewell gave me
the great idea to get
others to do the
same. Other boys
and girls if left

to themselves will blow it on themselves. You know how it is sir?" Colonel Bridewell repeated the doctor delight showing up on his face.

"You know him sir?" "He's a beloved patient of mine, Pennod my boy. You sure have skill in picking out your friends."

"Perhaps doctor you know Jack Evans?"

"He's a pipper. His name is Jack Evans."

"Tell me about him." Pennod grew eloquent and he was eloquent because he loved.

The doctor gave an undivided attention and gazing delight to him it

was a splendid quarter of an hour. When Pennod had done with his unvarnished tale the doctor was wondering whether the little flower was not one of Pennod most intimate friends.

"Pennod" said he, when the boy had come to a pause. "I'm due at St Joseph's Hospital in an hour. But if necessary my patients can wait as to the fee one thing is sure it won't cost you anything as I won't charge you good manners for you have helped me when in trouble."

Pennod grinned unluckily. He was already in love with

Dr Kelly.

"Here we go Pennrod," resumed the doctor putting on his hat and picking up a small hand satchel. "If you have no objection I'll take you in my car."

"Thank you, sir."

"Angelina" cried Pennrod bursting in on the little invalid "I've brought you a present. Here Doctor Kelly he's the man that saved Father Carney and he a friend of the Colonel and he's going to fix you up too."

Dr Kelly shook hands with the good little girl fondled the others paid his respects to Mrs Jerry having done all of which in the

manner of one attending a wedding feast and not a sick person he requested all except Mrs Jerry to go into the adjoining room.

"Oh Pennrod" said Gemmie "you should have seen Angelina when George brought the flowers." She laughed and she cried" said Violet

"How did you come to think of it Pennrod?" asked Gemmie.

"I don't know But Colonel Bridge well suggested it after I got them."

"And when" said Violet Angelina said God bless and protect my darling brother Pennrod" I meekly cried myself."

"Oh" said Pennrod "how

I hope that Doctor Kelly will cure her for good? I feel sure he can.

Soon the door to Angelina's room was thrown open, revealing the doctor. His serene face somewhat gave.

"Well" cried Pennod eagerly "What the news?"

The doctor's lips parted slightly.

"Children there's no real illness of your sister. She's well."

"Well?" came the echo. "Yes well. The only trouble with her is that the evil spirits are doing something to her. This is a case for a priest."

Pennod and Cheni his sisters exchanged glances.

"Ever since you people quit the fight

at Mr. Seesemann's house your sister children, has been under the mysterious influence of the devils who make it appear to her and to you too that she's got the blood fever when she hasn't. For more than a week your sister without knowing it has been under some spell or trick of the devils."

There was a groan from the listeners.

"I feel quite sure if it had not been for Pennod bringing me your sister in a few more days would have been in a serious condition for sure. I gave her an injection to postpone the condition. When I leave I'll go

and asked Father Carney
to come and see her"

"Oh moaned Grace "How
blind we have been,
Is she possessed?"

"No, no. A child possess-
ed by angels can't be
possessed by devils. They're
making her ill, or at
least trying to that's
all she and the rest of
you, are the noblest lit-
tle Royalty children I

have ever met. I want
to see her again. I once
remember my instruc-
tions, follow Father Car-
ney's advice and she'll
be up in three days
and around in a
week."

"Try and get
her down to the break-
fast table to mor-

"mornin. And
when I come again
it will be I trust,

as a friend:

"You bet" roared Pennrod,
"and not as a doctor.
Good bye children no, no,
Pennrod keep those dol-
lars. Oh very well if you'll
have it so, I'll take one."

That might the dollar
meatly framed hung
over Kelly's bed. It is
there yet.

On Friday morning
the fourth day of the
Novena Angelina arose
and made her way
assisted by Grace to the
breakfast table. It was
a happy reunion.

Fathers Carney and
Casey, had come at the
doctor's request and
put a speedy end
to this new mani-
festation. They however
doubted the disturbance
would stay away.

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"This Movena" said Pennrod
"my Movena is turning
out to be a one hundred
per cent success."

"And to day is the fourth
day" mused Violet.

"Who knows but the one
half of the one per cent
may come to day. It's hard
to live out the little flower.
She likes to be asked
for favors. I've been
reading her life. She
was born in 1873
and she died a young
girl in 1897. She was
only twenty four then."

"If she were alive
now children" said the
queerly mother she
would only be

the same age as
I am. She also
was born the same
year as your father"
"If God loved her

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no" said Jennie, "why did
He let her die so young?"

"That's easy Jennie" said
Violet "she wanted to die
young"

"But why?"

"Sittle Therese, she liked
to be called little, and was
a very (ougan) original
sort of saint Lots of pious
people want to live long
so as to work harder for
God, now the Sittle Flower
wanted to die young. But
because she claimed
she could do more to help
people if she were in
Heaven than if she were
on earth.

"Many millions of peo-
ple don't see that at all
and neither do I said
Jennie "Why I want to
live a very very long
life. I could do more
good in all the years

I live than in twenty four,
cant?"
Just as like as not "said
Pennrod helping himself to
another wheat cakes "that'll
give the demons twice as much
time to do triple as much
harm to you."

"Any girl" observed Violet
who goes running around
with Angeline Richee is sure
to much good on earth and
every where. I also refer
to another, Jennie Turner.
They're planning some-
thing to help Father Bry-
an aid us"

"The demons will re-
venge on them demons
too" retorted. Violet.

"I wonder what for?" asked Pennrod.

"I doubt" observed
Violet whether they can
help Father Bryan or
not. Now for instance

Webber George Stanislaw
that little Polish scamp could
help us some way but
he's too much of a scandy
cat."

"I'll bet its some fool
thing like that" said
Pennrod "I cant ever, never
never forgot what he
called me before you
little girls and you, and
my father in Sinclem
Park. Something that
is going to be dread-
fully difficult for me
to figure. I felt like
going back to Abra-
hamia that very
day of course I sup-
pose the little flower
loved him"

"Love him? What
for?" retorted Violet.
Her eyes flashing.
"I believe the little
flower loves him

for what is best in him?" observed Joyce whereas Violet uncurled her lip.

"Of course the little flower loves him" pursued Jennie "In fact the bigger the sinner a person is the more she loves him."

Violet gazed sharply at the speaker.

"Yes" Jennie continued, "the little flower loves him -"

Violets gaze became more sharp. She caught (Jennie) with this question

"Suppose he never repents, will she love him then?"

But Joyce said:

"That's a matter of yes and no"

"Angeline put in with

"The little flower said, "I will spend my time in Heaven doing good

upon Earth,"

"She is certainly keeping her word" observed the mother.

"And mother" pursued Violet "she was so sure of herself. She had no, nor doubt about her power to do good. One of the famous things she said -

It's in great big letters in the book about her it is this "In Heaven the good God will do all I desire because I have never done my will upon earth."

"And what was that other pretty thing she said Violet?" asked Pernod

Pernod "You told me yesterday"

Her other saying answered Violet taking a second glass of milk was the most

beautiful one of all. When ever I think of it I just fancy myself in a beau tiful garden full of flowers and of lovely little children. Here it is - "After my death I will let fall a shower of roses."

"Like the kind Pennod got for Angeline?" asked Daisy. "No Daisy, I don't think so. It means a shower of benefits which are beautiful and fragrant because they are red with love and fragrance with the sweet ness of the little flower."

"You surely didn't make that up said Jennie.

"No I did not," I heard it from Father Carney."

"Well" said Pennod "all we got to say is that the roses have been falling pretty

fast in this family since we began that novena."

"That novena of yours was your big idea" Violet returned tranquilly. "That novena of yours"

"That novena of mine?" There was scorn against himself in his voice.

"Yes that novena of yours and again I say it was your big idea. You know don't want to get all the credit, but you can't back out. You've admitted it yourself. A few days ago Rose number one was the steak for Angeline sent by the Colonel. Then came Rose

No. two the return of Jack Evans. Rose No. three the visit of Father Carney."

"Don't forget to put in Pennod, that Father

Carney left twenty five dollars" said Catherine.

"It was to me" said Jerome tossing her head to bring a strand of hair back in place "that Father Carney presented the gold piece" "most of the little flowers noses are without thorns" said Violet "here, one that came to Angelina with one thorn."

Go on Pernod" said Jerome hastily.

Rose no. I own that second very large beefsteak meal of Angelina and all of us, no thorn about that. Rose no 5 Jack Evans treat and presents to the whole family. Rose no 6 his visits every night and his money for

hiring the front room." Every visit he makes is a nose" put in Violet Then a shower of noses himself. Go on Pernod. Its good to recall those things" "Rose no 7 the way Jack

Evans got the drop on those two devils disguised as humans. Rose no 8 the \$20,000 reward. And just look at the spread we are having now since we came to this country.

Eating like Sand not food and getting up from the table without feeling hungry.

Rose no 9, the talk I had with the Colonel. He showed me how to cure boys and girls who unwillingly are selfish to their

to their mothers. Rose no. 10
Dr Kelly's visit and rose
no. 11 which is best of all.
Angelinen cure from the
mysterious devil sick-
ness.

"Hannah" cried Hettie
"you can't expect roses with-
out thorns" said Jennie.

"That's true" admitted Violet.
Suppose I count the thorns.
No. 1 angelinen strange
devil sickness. Thorn
No 2 grace losing hope
of success in spying
on Mr Seremans
crazy house. Thorn
No 3 once again un-
successful. Thorn 4
the undesirable ac-
quaintance with wicked
cow andly Webber George
Stanislaw. And
Angelinen (thorn) cure
has turned me thorn
into a rose at noon

as Grace discovers a clue
about Mr Seremans
crazy house, another
thorn will be gone.
I had leaves only one
thorn. But there're five
days more of the
narrative. The only thorn
that will be left is
Stanislaw.

"The best rose, the
most beautiful is
that Angeline Riché is
with us. I have heard
of our folks say that
she and my sisters
are beautiful. When
they've said that they
said every thing to
the perfect truth."

"Beauty" said Jennie
softly is sufficient
only skin deep and
has no reason for
its existence
when it's used for

pride and vanity,
Where did you get that
asked Pennrod "and what
does it mean?"

It means that many
people who are beautiful
spoil every thing by
letting their beauty spoil
their souls. Good people
who are really beautiful
are worth having around
even if they do nothing
say nothing and
yet are of good use to
every one"

"That" said Violet is all
right for a rainbow or
a sunset but you know
from your catechism

Jennie what man was
created for. And besides
it might be all right
in a way if beauty
didn't go in for wrong
things. People some
times scare me here"

"We are unusually kind
and cheerful in speak-
ing of everyone, so I can't
see how that can be."

spoke the mother
"That's right but it
depends" said Pennrod.

"most of all our school
girl and boy friends
like us to a nice degree,
they dress nicely!"

"And they're as clean
as flowers" added
Violet.

"And they're always
cheerful" Pennrod went
on.

"And they don't use
profane language"

declared George.

"And" said Pennrod
unable to refrain
from the idea that
just came into his
mind in ebben
George Stanislaw never

nabs banks, or hold up trains.

"Oh you're so funny," Penrod giggled gummie.

"Yes Gummie, I know it sometimes, I think I'm too funny to live."

"I can't say he'd like your jokes," exclaimed Catherine.

"Stanislaw" put in violet always loses his sense of humor, when something compells him to go past Mr. Sesemann's crazy house. He then runs like a deer."

"Well" interposed Empress Virian, since this is the fourth day of the novena, let us remember first of all our solemn promise to Mr. Sesemann.

All the detectives, many police, and half the

number of priests hold that the condition of Mr. Sesemann is hopeless and are working now on the matter of requesting you, all of you to give it up. But don't do it. And I don't want to believe it is hopeless."

"Neither do I" said violet. "I dreamt of that crazy house last night and thank God dreams don't come true."

And next children while we are waiting for the approach of Good Friday we all want God to get a chance to discover the right thing about Mr. Sesemann house. So we can resume our fight and carry it to success just

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now under Father Bryan's orders we are acting as if we have abandoned the Reservoir adventure, which seems to me rather precarious and giving the Banshees time to concentrate more strongly."

"We are living like people who always got to fight demons" said Pennrod.

"I love Father John Bryan" said Catherine.

"Me too" added Daisy.
"And there, one more thing" continued their mother.

"I know Mother" said Pennrod "It's to engage the (10) aid of the entire girlscout force who came over here."

"Yes children. Oh how I wish we did

that long ago. And do ask the little flower, to arrange things so that they can do a lot for Father Bryan or if that cannot be done, at least that they can keep foolish curious crowds away from that dangerous neighborhood"

"And I'm praying very hard" said Violet
"that we do not again be interfered with by snobs"

"What are snobs Violet?" asked James.

"People who look down on those poorer than themselves and look up at people who are richer. Father Carmey says that snobs are even so much vulgar than the dirtiest of

drinking bums."

The conversation was now halted by a sharp knock at the door.

"It's something from the little flower" said Violet as Pennrod threw open the door.

It was a messenger boy.

A letter for Mrs Empress Virian" he said.

"Oh quick m other read it" pleaded Pennrod as he closed the door and with three bounds brought the missive to the mother.

"Why" she said as tearing open the envelope, she saw her eyes over the page "it's from Colonel Bridewell".

The little girls in various ways gave demonstrations of glee, "Thank God" she

presently exclaimed:
"Listen children"

"Dear Empress Virian,

The young lady who attends our switchboard at the Hotel Sherman has several times been called up by some detective who told her something about Mr Leesmann haunted house.

Jack Evans in his broken English tells me that your little daughter Joyce is unsuccessful in trying to scout about the place, and yet she knows all about such scouting.

Here is some unusual information for her. Could she come to morrow at nine sharp?

I'll see to it that she gets five per cent more success at her enterprise than if she tried it by herself.

All also I can assure you that she will be treated with courtesy by the guests.

I met your good little son the other day and I want to say that I like him very much. but I must also say that your son if he dressed like a girl would be mistaken for your little daughter Violet. How is Jennie? She made a splendid impression on me.

With all good wishes.

Yours truly
Bob.

"Flurah," cried Pernod "There's another nose. And in counting up a while ago, I forgot to put in the base-ball suit and that came as a surprise."

"It's almost too good to be true" said Once. This means I might find out something about the "my story".

"And my dear Pernod" said Empress Vivian

"you have of forgotten one of the most beautiful noses of all"

"What is that Mother?" The flowers you sent all of us, and the twenty-four roses you sent along-time. She says the moment they came into her hands and she read the card you sent with them was the happiest moment she ever had. It was not the flowers but the expression of your love which came with them that gave a moment of real true bliss."

Pernod blushed hotly. He was delighted and confused. He wanted to say something and knew not what to say, when he was relieved by a light

continuous tapping at the door.

"Maybe it's the little flower herself" said violet.

"I hope it is" whispered Daisy.

Jennie had hastened to greet the caller. As she threw open the door Pennrod said:

"Hannah"

"No it was not the little flower nor one of the little saints messengers."

It was Angeline Richee.

"Good morning everybody" cried the young miss with a smile.

A radiant smile that comprehended everybody.

"Good morning James."

She added to the boy in broken English "Eets a sweet but be col, col day wuz be leedle snowe".

Receiving a greeting

from each one Angeline Richee continued in English for James benefit.

"How ever Jack Evans?"

"Fine and dandy" said Daisy. Angeline Richee suddenly gazed upon Pennrod.

"Isn't your brother just too lovely for words (not) continued the blue eyed

golden haired girl. You who are his sisters are lucky. Such adorable eyes and such a manly stride

and did any of you notice how straight his lashes are over his eyes. Hey violet, turn sure enough

"Av go on" said Pennrod, his face flushing red. "They're better than me, and they choose you as a companion because you are a girl with sense".

"Oh" giggled Angeline

Richee still not thrown
out of her stride "That's too
bad you didn't find out
they were your sisters
sisters. What did I come
to talk about? Oh yes.
Say Jemmie, can I see
you and goice outside
for a moment. The others
will know later on".

"Certainly" said both girls,
their voices betraying a
certain eagerness.

"Well" princesses "she
whispered when the three
were alone on the land-
ing outside; "any news"?

"Yes yesterday after-
noon we met him
in front of a North
Avenue, moving picture
house."

"You did? Did you
speak to him?"

"Yes we went in
the show with him

and he sat between us
and how he did talk
in our language not very
loud, about the crazy
house".

"Oh he did" whispered
Angeline Richee actually
quivering with delight.
"And what did he say
about Father Ryan?"

"He said all sorts of
nice things. He also said
that he had met and
known well, no end
of extremely beautiful
young ladies and little
girls in New York
and Chicago too, but that
for beauty? and my
sisters had all of
them thrown in the
shack, and he wonder-
ed exceedingly how
he had courage
enough to me dle
with the power of

darkness, in Mr. Sesemann's house"

"Did he really?" gurgled Angeline Riches. "Oh princesses he really does not mean it."

"Oh yes he does. And he asked all kinds of questions about Mr. Sesemann's 'haunted' house and of what the spirits did and so on. He also asked all kinds of questions about what we tried to do."

"And what did you say?"
"Did you see him too Angeline?"

"Yes"
"What did you say to him?"

"I told him you were Abramian princesses, fairies possessed by angels and that Father Boryan was

the best devil w. chaser in this country and that he could rank above a lot of professionals. I spoke in my broken English but he understood me, and he was so delighted. I say princesses his narrow black hair sure looked lovely and there was a little curl that came down over his forehead on the left side, which was just killing. I heard people in New York and Cincinnati say or call him sad beautiful."

"And what else did he say?"

"He said it was a shame for you girls to be unable to drive the spirits and that there was some-

-hing wrong there that
you can't tell says if you
did succeed it would, surely
cause a big sensation. He
been fixing up his mous-
tache prunessers and then
got it twisted at the ends
like - like a dream"

The two went on to dis-
cuss the unknown young
mans moustache, his
wonderful chin, and the
way he was dressed all
this was intensely yes
intensely interesting to
the three little girls. gen-
nue to whom the hope
for good help against
the demon was a spe-
cies of intoxicant was
'drunk' with elation.
and indeed the reader
will now begin to
understand the change
that had taken place
in genuine and Grace.

during the course of the
Novena, they had met this
Sad Bountiful at a moving
picture show He had sat
between them so that
they could talk to him
better. In the movie news
reel of the week there
were to their blank as-
tonishment several
scenes laid in Jackson
Boulevard. It was the
movie scenes of things
happening at Mr. Sees-
mann house and they
saw themselves and
Pennrod and their sisters
there too.

The Sad Bountiful
had kindly explained
the nature of the local-
ity, and thrown in
such additional scraps
of information as to
pare the way to
further acquaintance

with the crazy house also when Jennie & Gora said anything about their own doings there, he had listened to them with a deference which was very encouraging.

The children knew he was wise and sincere. They are those kind who crave victory over the devils as the toper craves booz and other vile liquors. Jennie and Gorce became as you'd call it 'drunk' with hopes of success in spite of deference.

Ever since meeting him they had been indulging in hopes of finally seeing victory in hopes of a defeat of fighting against the fiends. They know now that Mr. Seemanns

was in a dangerous a most dangerous condition. Any one no matter how sensible normally, become reckless and they think they can do the difficult task immediately.

Or the Pernoch sisters were never carried away by such acts of devil or lame devil recklessness for they have the intelligence of the angels who possess them and secretly suspected why they did not yet win out.

There was something the matter with their sacred Palo. They were secretly investigating to find the defect.

When Angelina Richelle and the two little Virnans had

disengaged together for
fully half an hour they
had entered the room.

"Your Majesty" said
Angelina Richée, "we come
to ask you a favor."

"Yes Angelina Richée"
I'd should like to have
Gemmie and Grace come
over to our place after
dinner for an hour or
two - oh no your Highness
we're not going down
town in this weather"
"I really do not like
to say no" said the
mother "but I may
need Grace"

But your Highness
I have any news
of something that
will be of help to
you all Gemmie Dun-
more has some
plans for a marking
out the mystery
of the Resemian

house which is unres-
tigated also by the St
Vincent Society. She
promised to have them
ready by to morrow
(if possible) though that
I can yet get help
for you and Sand
Bountiful is the chief
of Detectives of New
York. He too will help.
We work together"

Empress Vinnian could
not refuse anything
to the way of this cause.

"And you'll not keep
them long?"

"Oh no Empress Vinnian.
If at least Gemmie comes
at one she ought to
be back by four
at the latest"

"Very well Angelina
Richée.

Shortly after one
o'clock that snowy
afternoon, Pernod

inviting to see Melville George
Flannigan on most import
ant matters turned on till
he reached the dwelling
place of his tried and true
pal. Of course he did not
go in.

That is not the way of
any boy no matter what
nationality he is. To be seen
giving three shrill whist
les. Waiting for several
minutes and getting no
reply he opened his mouth
and gave forth a sound
which was in the nature
of a yodel without any
musical setting.

George carried out
Hallowe'en, what's
up?

"George I'm afraid."
"Afraid, aw go chase
yourself. You're not afraid
of anything."

(My) "Yes I am
my sister Gertrude bears